The minde of the Frontispiece.

READER, behinde this silken Front'spie
lies
The Argument of our Book: which to yo
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Unto her self) commands should be
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And therefore, to that end she hath thou
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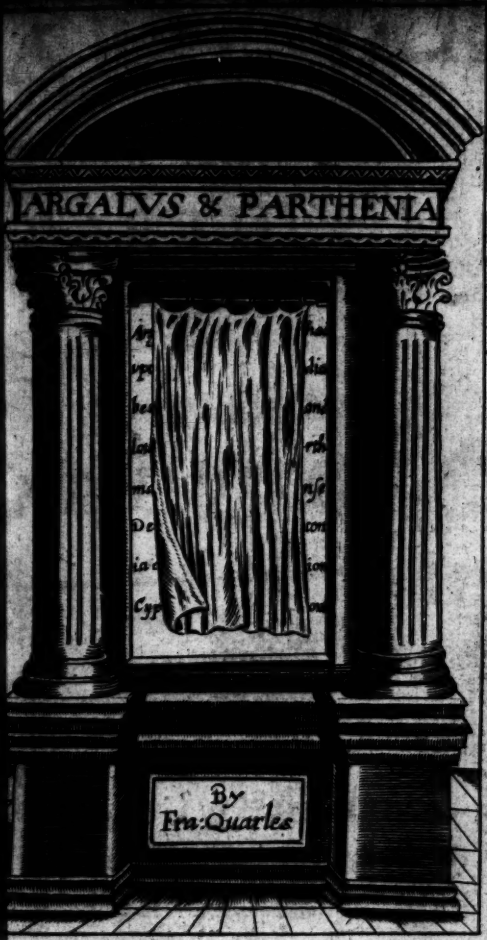
ARGALVS & PARTHENIA
By
Fra: Quarles

ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA.

Written by

FRA. QUARLES.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moſeley*, at the Prince's Arms in S. *Paul's* Church-yard. 1654.

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AND

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To the Reader.

READER,

I *Present thee here with an Hiſtorie of* Argalus *and* Parthenia, *the fruits of broken hours. It was a* Cicns *taken out of the Orchard of Sir* Philip Sidney, *of precious memorie, which I ve lately graffed upon a Crab-ſtock, in mine n. It hath brought forth many leaves, and proiſes pleaſing fruit, if malevolent eyes blaſt it t in the bud. This book differs from my forer, as a Courtier, from a Church-man: But if y think it unfit for one to play both parts, I ve preſidents for it: And let ſuch know, that have taken but one play-day in ſix: However, ſhould beſhrew that hand that binds them all ether to make one Volume. In this diſcourſe, have not affected to ſet thy underſtanding on e Rack, by the Tyrannie of ſtrong Lines, which s they fabulouſly report of* China *diſhes) are nde for the third Generation to make uſe of, d are the meer itch of wit; under the colour which, may have ventured (truſting to the dipean conceit of their ingenious Reader) to rite non-ſenſe, and felloniouſly father the created*

expositions of other men; not unlike some Pain-
ters, who first make the Picture, then from t
opinion of better judgements, conclude whom
resembles. These lines are strong enough for m
purpose: If not for them, yet read them, and y
understandings may be magnified by their weak-
ness. Reader, thou shalt in the progress of th
Storie, *meet with a seeming* Solœcism; *whic*
is this; Demagoras *his so foul a deed perp*
trated upon the fair Parthenia, *is fully expres*
and yet, the revenge thereof past over in s
lence; wherein (as I conceive) I have not dea
unjustly. When Prometheus *stole fire fr*
Heaven to animate and quicken his artificial bo
dies, the severer gods for punishment of so hig
a sacriledge, struck him not dead with a sud
den Thunder-bolt, but (to be more deeply a
venged) let him live, to be tormented with
Vulturs, continually gnawing on his Liver.
The same kind of torture had Ixion; *so had Si*
Syphus; *so had* Tantalus: *Did then* Demagoras
fault equal (if not exceed) theirs, and should
his punishment be less? Had my pen delivered
him dead into your hands, what could you have
had more? His accursed memorie had soon rot
ted with his baser name, and there had been a
end of him: In which respect, I have suffered
him to live; that he may stand like a Jack
Lent, *or a* Shroving Cock, *for every one t*
spend a Cudgel at, to the worlds end. Ladies
(for in your silken laps I know this book will
chus

chuse to lie, which being far fetched, if the Stationer be wise, will be most fit for you) my suit is, That you would be pleased to give the fair Parthenia your noble entertainment: She hath crost the Seas for your acquaintance, and is come to live and die with you; to whose gentle hands I recommend her, and kiss them.

Dublin, this 4. of March, 1621.

FR. QUARLES.

Argalus and *Parthenia.*

The first Book.

Ithin the limits of th' *Arcadian* Land,
Whose gratefull bounty hath inricht the hand
Of many a Shepherd Swain, whose rural Art
(Untaught to gloze, or with a double heart
To vow dissembled Love) did build to Fame
Eternal *Trophies* of a Pastoral name:
That sweet *Arcadia*; which, in antick dayes,
Was wont to warble out her well tun'd layes
To all the world; and, with her Oaten Reed,
Did sing her love whilst her proud flocks did feed:
Arcadia, whose deserts did claim to be
As great a sharer in the *Daphnean* Tree,
As his, whose louder *Æneas* proudly sings
Heroick conquests of victorious Kings:
There (if th' exuberance of a word may swell
So high, that *Angels* may be said to dwell)
There dwelt that *Virgin*, that *Arcadian* glorie,
Whose rare composure did abstract the storie
Of true perfection, modellizing forth
The height of beauty, and admired worth;
Her name *Parthenia*, whose unnam'd descent,
Can serve but as a needless complement,

To gild perfection: She shall boast, alone,
What bounteous Art, and Nature makes her own.
Her mother was a Lady, whom deep age
More fill'd with honour, then diseases; sage,
A modest Matron, strict, reserv'd, austere,
Sparing in speech, but lib'ral of her ear;
Fierce to her foes, and violent where she likes;
Wedded to what her own opinion strikes:
Frequent in alms, and charitable deeds,
Of mighty spirit, constant to her *beads*,
Wisely suspicious; but what need we other
Then this? She was the fair *Parthenias* Mother,
That rare *Parthenia*, in whose Heavenly eye
Sits Maiden mildness, mixt with Majestie,
Whose secret power hath a double skill,
By frowns or smiles to make alive, or kill;
Her cheeks are like to banks of fairest flowers,
Inricht with sweetness from the twilight showers,
Whereon those jars, which were so often bred,
Composed were, betwixt the white and red:
Her hair wrought down beneath her Ivory knees,
As if that Nature to so rare a piece
Had meant a shadow: labouring to show
And boast the utmost, that her hand could do:
Like smalleſt flax appear'd her Nymph like hair,
But onely flax was not so small, so fair:
Her lips like Rubies, and you'd think, within,
In stead of teeth, that orient *Pearls* had been;
The whiteness of her dainty neck you know,
If ever you beheld the new-faln *Snow*;
Her Swan-like breasts were like two little *Spheares*,
Wherein, each azure line in view appears,
Which, were they obvious but to every eye,
All liberal Arts would turn *Astronomy*:
Her slender waste, her lilly hands, her arms
I dare not set to view; because all charms
Forbidden are: My bashfull *Muse* descends
No lower step: Here her *Commission* ends,
And by another virtue doth enjoine
My pen to treat perfection more divine.

The

The chaſte *Diana*, and her Virgin-crew
Was but a *Type* of one that ſhould enſue
In after ages, which we find expreſt,
And here fulfill'd in chaſte *Parthenia*'s breaſt;
True vertue was the object of her will;
She could no ill, becauſe ſhe knew no ill;
Her thoughts were noble, and her words not laviſh
Yet free, but wiſely weigh'd; more apt to raviſh,
Then to entice; leſs beautified with Art,
Then natural ſweetneſs: In her gentle heart
Judgement tranſcended; from her milder breaſt
Paſſion was not exiled, but repreſt:
Her voice exceel'd, nay, had you heard her voice
But warble forth, you might have had the choice,
To take her for ſome ſmooth-fac'd *Cherubin*,
Or elſe ſome glorious *Angel*, that had been
A treble ſharer in th' eternal joyes,
Such was her voice, ſuch was her heavenly voice:
Merry, yet modeſt; witty, and yet wiſe;
Not apt to toy, and yet not too too nice;
Quick, but not raſh; Courteous, and yet not common;
Not too familiar, and yet ſcorning no man:
In brief, who would relate her praiſes well,
Muſt firſt bethink himſelf, what 't is t' excel.

When theſe perfections had enhaunc'd the name
Of rare *Parthenia*, nimble winged Fame
Grew great with honour, ſpreads her haſty wings,
Advanc'd her Trumpet, and away ſhe ſprings,
And with her full-mouth'd blaſt ſhe doth proclame
Th' unmated glorie of *Parthenia*'s name:
Who now but fair *Parthenia*? what report
Can find admittance in th' *Arcadian* Court
But fair *Partheniae*? Every ſolemn feaſt
Muſt now be ſweetned, honour'd, and poſſeſt
With high diſcourſes of *Parthenia*'s glorie,
And every mouth muſt breath *Parthenia*'s ſtorie.
The Poët ſummons now his amorous quill,
And ſcorns aſſiſtance from the Sacred Hill:
The ſweet-lipt Oratour takes in hand to raiſe
His prouder ſtile, to ſpeak *Parthenia*'s praiſe.

The

The curious Painter wisely doth displace
Fair *Venus*, sets *Parthenia* in her place.
The pleader burns his books, disdains the Law,
And fals in love with whom his eyes ne'r saw.
Healths to the fair *Parthenia* flie about
At every board, whilst others, more devout,
Build Idols to her, and adore the same,
And d Parrets learn to prate *Partheniaes* name:
Some trust to fame, some secretly disprize
Her worth; some emulates, and some envies;
Some doubt, some fear lest lavish Fame belie her,
And all that dare believe report, admire.
Upon the borders of the *Arcadian* Land
Dwelt a *Laconian* Lord: Of proud command,
Lord of much people, youthfull, and of fame,
More great than good; *Demagoras* his name:
Of stature tall, his body spare and meager,
Thick shouldred, hollow cheek'd, and visage eager,
His gashfull countenance swarthy, long and thin,
And down each side of his reverted chin
A lock of black neglected hair (befriended
With warts too ugly to be seen) descended;
His rowling eyes were deeply sunk, and hiew'd
Like fire: 'Tis said, they blister'd where they view'd.
Upon his shoulders from his fruitfull crown,
A rugged crop of *Elf-locks* dangled down:
His hide all hairy; garish his attire,
And his Complexion meerly Earth and Fire;
Perverse to all; extenuating what
Another did, because he did it not:
Maligning all mens actions but his own,
Not loving any, and belov'd of none:
Revengefull, envious, desperately stout,
And in a word, to paint him fully out,
That had the Monopoly, to fulfill
All vice: the *Hieroglyphick* of all ill.
He view'd *Partheniaes* face. As from above,
Fire-bals of lightning hurl'd by angry *Jove*,
Confound th' unarm'd beholder at a blow,
And leave him ruin'd in the place: Even so

The

The peerlesse beauty of *Parthenias* eyes,
At the first sight did conquer and surprize
The lavish thoughts of this amazed lover,
Who void of strength to hide, or to discover
The tyrannous scorching of his secret fires,
Prompted by Passion, with himself conspires:
Accurs'd Demagoras! *Into what a Feaver*
Hath one look struck thy soul? O never, never
To be recur'd! If I had done amiss,
Hath Heaven no easier plagues in store, but this?
Prometheus pains are not so sharp as these,
Our sins yet labour'd both of one disease;
Our faults are equal: Both stole fire from Heaven,
Our faults alike, why are our plagues uneven?
Be just, O make not such unequal ods
Of equal sins: Be just, or else no gods:
Why send ye down such Angels to the earth,
To mock poor mortals? or of mortal birth
If such a Heaven-like Paragon may be,
Why do ye not wound her as well as me?
But why do I implore your aids in vain,
That are the highest Agents in my pain?
Poor wretch! What hope of help can ye assure me,
When onely she, that made the wound, can cure me?
Divine Parthenia, *Earths unvalued Jewel;*
Would thou hadst been less glorious, or less cruel:
When first thine eyes did to these eyes appear,
I read the history of my ruine there,
My necessary ruine: Heaven, nor Hell
Can salve my sores, by help of Prayer or Spell;
Gods are unjust, and if, with charms, I haunt her,
Her eyes are counter-charms, to' inchant th' inchanter:
Why do I thus exulcerate my disease?
By adding torments, hope I to finde ease?
Is not her cruelty enough, alone,
But must I bring fresh torments of my own?
Bear up Demagoras: *'Tis a wise mans part*
Not to lose all if his unpractis'd art
Serves not to gain: *A Gamester may not chuse*
His chance: It is some conquest not to lose.

Look

Look to thy self: Let no injurious blast
Of cold despair chill thy green wounds too fast
For time to cure: O, hope for no remission
Of pain, till Cupid *send thee a* Physition.
She is a woman; if a woman, then
My title's good: Women were made for men.
She is a woman, though her heavenly brow
Write Angel, *and may stoop, although not now;*
Women, by looks, will not be understood
Until their hearts advise with flesh and blood.
She is a woman, There's no reason why,
But she (perchance) may burn as well as I.
Move then, Demagoras, *let* Parthenia *know*
The strength of her own beauty, in thy woe:
Fear not; what thou adv'st; begin to move,
Chris cross fore-runs the Alphabet *of love:*
'Tis half perfected, what is once begun;
She is a woman, and she must be won.

Like as a Swain, whose hands have made a vow,
And sworn allegeance to the Peacefull Plow,
Prest out for service in the Martial camp,
At first (unentred) finds a liveless damp
Beleagring every joint, as often wounds
As here he views his sword, or thinks of wounds;
At length (not finding any means for flying,
Switcht and spurd on with desp'rate fear of dying)
He hews, he hacks, and in the midst he goes,
And freshly deals about his frantick blows;
Even so *Demagoras*, whose unbred fashion
Had never yet subscrib'd to loves sweet passion,
Being call'd a Combatant to *Cupids* field,
Trembles, and secretly resolves to yield
The day without a parly, till at length,
Fiercely transported by th' untutor'd strength
Of his own passion, he himself assures,
That desp'rate torments must have desp'rate cures
And thus to the divine *Parthenias* ears
Applies his speech, devoid of doubts and fears;

Fairest of creatures, if my ruder tongue,
To right it self, should do your patience wrong,

An

And lawleſs paſſion makes it too too free,
O blame your heavenly beauty and not me;
It was thoſe eyes, thoſe precious eyes that firſt
Enforc'd my tongue to ſpeak, or heart to burſt:
From thoſe dear eyes I firſt receiv'd that wound,
Which ſeeks for cure, and cannot be made ſound
But by the hand that ſtruck: To you alone,
I ſue for help, that elſe muſt hope for none:
Then crown my joyes, thou Antidote *of deſpair,*
And be as merciful as thou art fair;
Nature, (the bounty of whoſe liberal hand
Made thee the Jewel of the Arcadian *Land)*
Intended in ſo rare a prize, to boaſt
Her maſter-piece: Hid Jewels are but loſt;
Shine then, and rob not Nature of her due,
But honour her, as ſhe hath honour'd you.
Let not the beſt of all her works lie dead
In the nice Caſket *of a Maidenhead:*
What ſhe would have reveal'd, O do not ſmother,
Th' art made in vain, unleſs thou make another:
Give me thy heart, and for that gift of thine,
Leſt thou ſhouldſt want a heart, ile give thee mine,
As richly fraught with love, and laſting duty,
As thou with virtue, or thine eyes with beauty.
Why doſt thou frown? Why does that heavenly brow
Not made for wrinkles, ſhew a wrinkle now?
Send forth thy brighter Sun-ſhine, and the while,
O lend me but the twilight of a ſmile:
Give me one amorous glance; why ſtandſt thou mute?
Diſcloſe thoſe ruby lips, and grant my ſuit:
Speak (love,) or if thy doubtfull mind be bent
To ſilence, let that ſilence be conſent:
Nor beg I love of alms, although in part,
My words may ſeem t' emplead my own deſert;
Diſdain me not, although my thoughts deſcend
Below themſelves, t' enjoy ſo fair a friend.
I, that have oft with tears been ſought to, ſue;
And Queens have been his ſervants, that ſerves you:
The beauties of all Greece *have been at ſtrife*
To win the name of great Demagoras *wife,*

And

And been deſpis'd, not worthy to obtain
So high an honour; what they ſought (in vain)
I here preſent thee with, as thine own due,
It being an honour fit for none but you:
Speak then (my love) and let thy lips make known
That I am either thine, or not mine own.

Have you beheld when freſh *Aurora*'s eye
Sends forth her early beams, and by and by
Withdraws the glorie of her face, and ſhrowds
Her cheeks behind a ruddy mask of clouds,
Which, who believe in *Erra Pater* ſay,
Preſages wind, and bluſtry ſtorms that day.
Such were *Parthenias* looks: in whoſe fair face
Roſes and Lillies, late had equal place,
But now, 't wixt Maiden baſhfulneſs, and ſpleen,
Roſes appear'd, and Lillies were not ſeen:
She paus'd a while, till at the laſt, ſhe breaks
Her long kept angry ſilence, thus, and ſpeaks,

My Lord,
Had your ſtrong Oratorie but the Art,
To make me conſcious of ſo great deſert,
As you perſwade, I ſhould be bound in duty
To praiſe your Rhetorick as you praiſe my beautie:
Or if the frailty of my judgement could
Flatter my thoughts ſo groſly, as to hold
Your words for currant, you might boldly dare
Count me as fooliſh, as you term me fair.
If you vie Courtſhip, Fortune knows that I
Have not ſo ſtrong a game, to ſee the vie:
Alas, my skill durſt never undertake
To play the game, where hearts be ſet at ſtake:
Needs muſt the loſs be great, when ſuch have bin
Seldom obſerv'd to ſave themſelves, that win:
You crave my heart, my Lord, you crave withal,
Too great a miſchief: My poor heart 's too ſmal
To fill the concave of ſo great a breaſt,
Whoſe thoughts can ſcorn the amorous requeſt
Of love-ſick Queens, and can requite the vain,
And factious ſuits of Ladies with diſdain:

Stoo

Stoop not so low beneath your Self (great Lord)
To love Parthenia : *Shall so poor a word*
Stain your fair lips, whose merits do proclame
A more transcendent fortune, than that name
Can give? Call down Joves *winged Pursuivants,*
And give his tongue the power to inchant
Some easie Goddess in your name, and treat
A marriage fitting so sublime, so great
A minde as yours, and fill the fruitfull earth
With Heroes, *sprung from so divine a birth:*
Partheniaes *heart could never yet aspire*
So high: Her home-bred thoughts durst ne'r desire
So fond an honour match'd with so great pride,
To hope for that, which Queens have been deny'd.
Be wise, my Lord; vouchsafe not to repeat
S' unfit a suit: Be wise as you are great:
Advance your noble Thoughts, hazard no more
To wrack your fortunes on so fleet a shore,
That to the wiser world, it may be known,
The less y' are mine, the more you are your own.

Like as a guilty prisoner, upon whom
ffended Justice lately past her doom,
tands trembling by, and hopeless to prevail,
auls not for mercy: but to the loath'd *Jail*
rags his sad Irons, and from thence commends
hasty suit to his selected friends,
hat by the virtue of a quick *Reprieve*,
he wretch might have some few days more to live:
en so *Demagoras*, whose rewounded heart
d newly felt the unexpected smart
nd secret burthen of a desperate doom,
plies not, takes no leave, but quits the room,
nd in his discontented minde, revolves
n thousand thoughts, and at the last resolves
hat course to run, relying on no other
the assistance of *Partheniaes* mother.
rthwith his fierce misguided passion drove
wanding steps to the next neighboring grove;
een Steeletto in his trembling hand
rudely grip'd, upon his lips did stand

A milk

A milk-white froth; his eyes like flames; sometime
He curses Heaven; himself; and then the times;
Rails at the proud *Parthenia*; raves; despairs;
And from his head rends off his tangled hairs;
Curses the womb that bare him; bans the Fates,
And drunk with spleen, he thus deliberates:

Why dy'st thou not, Demagoras, *when as death*
Lends thee a weapon? Can the whining breath
Of discontents, and passion send relief
To thy distraction, or assuage thy grief?
Why mov'st thou not the gods? or, rather, why
Do'st not contemn, and scorn their power, and die?
But stay! Of whom dost thou complain? A woman.
To whom (fond man) dost thou complain? A woman.
And shall a womans frowns have power to grieve thee?
Or shall a womans wanton smile relieve thee?
Fie, fie, Demagoras, *shall a womans eye*
Prevail, to make the stout Demagoras *die,*
And leave to after-times an entred name
Ith' Calender of fools? Rouze up for shame
Thy wasted spirits: whet thy spleen, and live
To be reveng'd: She, she that would not give
Admittance to thy profer'd love, must drink
The potion of thy hate: stir then the sink
Of all thy passion; where thou canst not gain
By fairer language, Tarquin-*like constrain.*
But hold thy hand, Demagoras, *and advise;*
Art gives advantage oft where force denies:
Suspend thy fury: Make Parthenias *mother*
Thy means: One Adamant will cut another:
Sweeten thy lips with amorous Oratorie;
Affect her tender heart with the sad storie
Of thy dear love: Extol Parthenias *beauty:*
But most of all, urge that deserved duty
Thou ow'st her virtue, and make that the ground
Of thy first love, that gave thy heart the wound:
Mingle thy words with sighs; and it is meet,
If thou canst force a tear, to let her see't,
Against thy will. Let thy false tongue forbear
No vows, and though thou beest forsworn, yet sweare:

If ere thy barren lips shall chane to pause,
For want of words; Parthenia *is the cause,*
Who hath benum'd thy heart; if ere they go
Beyond their lists, Parthenia *made them so:*
Withall, be sure, when ere thou shalt advance
The daughters virtues, let the glorie glance
Upon the prudent mother: Women care not
To hear too much of virtue if they share not.
When thus thou hast prepar'd her melting ear
To soft attention, closely, in the rear
Of thy discourse, prefer thy sad petition
That she would please to favour the condition
Of a distressed lover, and afford
In thy behalf, a mothers timely word;
So shalt thou wrack thy vengeance by a wile,
And make the mother bawd to her own child.

He paused not; but like a rash projector
(Whose frantick passion was supream director)
Fixt his first thoughts, impatient of the second,
Which might been bettered by advice, and reckon'd
All time but lost, which he bestowed not
On th' execution of his hopefull plot:
Forthwith his nimble paces he divided
Towards the Sumner Palace, where resided
The fair *Parthenias* mother, boldly enters,
And after mutual complement adventers
To break the Ice of his dissembled grief:
Thus he complains, and thus he begs relief:

Madam,
The hopefull thriving of my suit depends
Upon your goodness, and it recommends
It self unto your favour, from whose hand
It must have sentence, or to fall, or stand:
Thrice three times hath the Sovereign of the night,
Repaird her empty horns with borrowed light,
Since these sad eyes, these beauty-blasted eyes
Were stricken by a light that did arise
From your blest womb, whose unassayed smare
Hath pierc'd my soul, and wounded my p[illegible] heart;

It is the fair Parthenia, *whose divine*
And glorious virtue led these eyes of mine
To their own ruine; Like a wanton Fly,
I dallied with the flame of her bright eye,
Till I have burn'd my wings: O, if to love
Be held a sin; the guilty gods above
(Being fellow-sinners with us, and commit
The self same crimes) may eas'ly pardon it.
O thrice divine Parthenia, *that hast got*
A sacred priviledge which the gods have not,
If thou hast doom'd that I shall be bereaven
Of my loath'd life, yet let me die forgiven;
And welcome death that with one happy blow
Gives me more ease, then life could ever do.
Madam, to whom should my sad words appeal
But you? Alas to whom should I reveal
My dying thoughts but unto you that gave
Being to her, that hath the power to save
My wasted life; the language of a mother
Moves more than tears, that trickle from another.
With that a well dissembled drop did slide
From his false eyes. The Lady thus reply'd;
My honourable Lord,
If my untimely answer hath prevented
Some farther words your passion would have vented,
Pardon my haste, which in a ruder fashion
Sought onely to divinde you, from your passion:
The love you bear Parthenia *must claim*
The priviledge of mine ear, and in her name,
(Though from an absent minde, as yet unknown)
Return I thanks with interest of mine own.
The little judgement, that the gods have lent
Her downy years (though in a small extent)
Does challenge the whole freedom of her choice,
In the resignment of a mothers voice:
The sprightly fancies of a Virgins minde
Enter themselves, and hate to be confinde:
The hidden Embers of a lovers fire
Desire no bellows, but their own desire;
And like to Dedalus *his forge, if blown,*

Burns

Burns dim and dies; blazes, if let alone:
Lovers affect without advisement, that
Which being most perswaded to, they hate.
My Lord adjourn your passion, and refer
The fortune of your suit to time, and her.
Like to a Pinace is a Lovers minde,
The Sail his fancy is; a storm of winde
His uncontrouled passion; the Stears
His Reason; Rocks and Sands, are doubts and fears:
Your storm being great, like a wise Pilot bear
But little Sail, and stoutly ply the Stear:
Leave then the violence of your thoughts to me
My Lord, too hasty gamesters oversee.
Go, move Parthenia; *and let* Juno's *blessing*
Attend your hopefull suit, in the suppressing
Loves common evils; and if her warm desire
Shew but a spark, leave me to blow the fire.
So, lose no time: Lovers must be laborious;
My Lord, go prosperous, and return victorious.

With that, *Demagoras* (prostrate on the ground,
As if his ears had heard that blessed sound,
Wherewith the *Delphian* Oracle acquites
The accepted sacrifice) performs the Rites
Of quick devotion, to that heavenly voice,
Which fed his soul with the malignant joyes
Of vow'd revenge, up from the floor he starts,
Blesses the tongue that blest him, and departs.

By this time, had the Heaven-surrounding Steeds
Quell'd their proud courage, turn'd their fainting heads
To the lower Hemisphere, to cool their flaming Nostrils in the Western Pool,
When as the dainty and mollitious Air
Had bid the Lady of the Palace, share
With her refined pleasures, and invited
With gentle steps, fully to be delighted
Those sweet walks, where *Flora*'s liberal hand
Had given more freely, than to all the Land.
There walked she; and in her various minde,
Objects and casts about which way to finde
The progress of the young *Parthenias* heart;

Likes

Likes this way: Then a second thought does thwart
The first; likes that way; then a third the second;
One while she likes the match, and then she reckon'd
Demagoras virtues: Now her fear entices
Her thoughts to alter; then she counts his vices:
Sometimes she calls his vows and oaths to minde:
Another while, thinks oaths and words but winde.
She likes, dislikes; her doubtfull thoughts do vary;
Resolves, and then resolves the quite contrary:
One while she fears that his malign aspect
Will give the Virgin cause to disaffect:
And then propounds to her ambitious thoughts
His wealth, the golden cover of all faults:
And, from the *Chaos* of her doubt, digests
Her fears; creates a world of wealth; and rests.
With that, she straight unfixt her fastned eyes
From off the ground; and looking up, espies
The fair *Parthenia*, in a lonely bowre,
Spending the treasure of an Evening hour:
There sate she, reading the sweet sad discourses
Of *Chariclea's* love; the entercourses
Of whose mixt fortunes taught her tender heart
To feel the self-same joy, the self-same smart:
She read, she wept; and, as she wept, she smil'd,
As if her equal eyes had reconcil'd
Th' extremes of joy and grief: she clos'd the Book
Then open'd it, and with a milder look,
She pities lovers; musing then a while,
She teaches smiles to weep; and tears to smile:
At length, her broken thoughts she thus discovers.

Unconstant state of poor distressed lovers!
Is all extreme in love? No mean at all?
No draughts indifferent? Either honey or gall?
Hath Cupids *universe no temp'rate Zone?*
Either a torrid, or a frozen one?
Alas, alas, poor lovers! As she spake
Those words, from her discloséd lips there brake
A gentle sigh; and after that another:
With that, steps in her unexpected mother.

Have ye beheld, when *Titan* lustfull head

Ha

Hath newly div'd into the Sea-green bed
Of *Thetis*, now the bashfull Horizon
Enforc'd to see what should be seen by none)
Looks red for shame; and blushes to discover
Th' incestuous pleasures of the Heaven-born lovers?
So look'd *Parthenia*, when the sudden eye
Of her unwelcome mother did descry
Her secret passion: The mothers smile
Brought forth the daughters blush; and level coyl
They smil'd and blusht; one smile begat another;
The daughter blusht, because the jealous mother
Smil'd on her; and the silent mother smil'd
To see the conscious blushing of her childe:
At length grown great with words, she did awake
Her forced silence, and she thus bespake;

Blush not, my fairest daughter: 'Tis no shame
To pity lovers, or lament that flame,
Which worth and beauty kindles in the brest:
'Tis charity to succour the distrest.
The disposition of a generous heart
Makes every grief her own; at least, bears part.
What Marble, oh what Adamantine ear
Ere heard the flames of Troy, without a tear?
Much more the scorching of a lovers fire,
(Whose desperate fewel is his own desire)
May boldly challenge every gentle heart
To be joint-tenant in his secret smart.
Why dost thou blush? why did those pearly tears
Slide down? Fear not: This arbour hath no ears:
Here's none but we: speak then: It is no shame
To shed a tear; thy mother did the same:
Say, hath the winged wanton, with his dart,
Sent ere a message to thy wounded heart?
Speak, in the name of Hymen I conjure thee:
If so, I have a Balsam will recure thee;
I fear, I fear, the young Laconian Lord
Hath lately left some indigested word
In thy cold stomach; which, for want of art,
I doubt, I doubt, lies heavy at thy heart:
If that be all, revealing brings relief;

Silence

Silence in love but multiplies a grief;
Hid sorrow's desperate, not to be endur'd,
Which being but disclos'd, is easily cur'd:
Perchance thou lov'st Demagoras, and wouldst smother
Thy close affection from thy angry mother,
And reap the dainty fruits of love unseen
I did the like, or thou hadst never been:
Stoln goods are sweetest. If it be thy minde
To love in secret, I will be as blinde
As he that wounded thee; or if thou dare
Acquaint thy mother, then a mothers care
Shall be redoubled, till thy thoughts acquite
The sweet fruition of thy choice desire:
Thou lov'st Demagoras: If thy lips deny,
Thy conscious heart must give thy lips the lie:
And if thy liking countermand my will,
Thy punishment shall be to love him still:
Then love him still, and let his hopes inherit
The crown belonging to so fair a merit;
His thoughts are noble, and his fame appears
To speak, at least, an age above his years:
The blood of his increasing honour springs
From the high stock of the Arcadian Kings:
The gods have blest him with a liberal hand,
Enricht him with the prime of all the land:
Honour and wealth attend his gates, and what
Can he command that he possesses not?
All which, and more, (if mothers can divine)
The fortune of thy beauty hath made thine;
He is thy Captive, and thy conquering eyes
Have took him Prisoner; he submits, and lies
At thy dear mercy, hoping ne'r to be
Ransom'd from death, by any price, but thee.
Wrong not thy self, in being too too nice,
And what (perchance) may not be proffer'd twice,
Accept at first: It is a foolish minde
To be too coy: Occasion's bald behinde.
'Tis not the common work of every day
T' afford such offers; take them while you may,
Times alter: Youth and beauty are but blasts;

Use

Use then thy time, whilest youth and beauty lasts:
For if that loath'd and infamous reproach
Of a stale maid, but offer to incroach
Upon opinion, th' art in estimation,
Like garments kept till they be out of fashion:
Thy worth, thy wit, thy virtues all must stand
Like goods at out-cries, priz'd at second hand;
Resolve thee then, i' inlarge thy Virgin-life
With the honourable freedom of a wife:
And let the fruits of that blest marriage be
A living pledge betwixt my childe and me.

So said, The fair *Parthenia* (in whose heart
Her strong affection yet had got the start
Of her obedience) makes a sudden pause,
Strives with her thoughts; objects the binding laws
Of filial duty to her best affection,
Sometimes submits unto her own election,
Sometimes unto her mothers: Thus divided
In her distracted fancy, sometimes guided
By one desire, and sometimes by another,
She thus reply'd to her attentive mother:

Madam,
Think not Parthenia, *under a pretence*
Of silence, studies disobedience:
But by the crafty slowness of reply,
Borrows a quick advantage to deny:
It lies not in your power to command
Beyond my will; unto your tender hand
I ere surrender up that little All
You gave me, freely to dispose withall:
The Gods forbid, Parthenia *should resist*
What you command, command you what you list:
I pardon me, the young Laconian *Lord*
Hath made assault, but never yet could board
My heart of mine: I wept, I wept indeed,
But my misconstrued streams did ne'r proceed
From Cupids spring: This blubber'd book makes known
Those griefs I wept; I wept not for mine own;
My lowly thoughts durst never yet aspire
The least degree towards the proud desire

Of so great honour, to be call'd his wife,
For whom ambitious Queens have been at strife:
He su'd for love, and strongly did importune
My heart, more pleased with a meaner fortune:
My breast was Marble, and my heart forgot
All pity, for indeed, I lov'd him not:
But Madam, you, to whose more wise directions
I bend the stoutest of my rash affections,
You have commanded, and your will shall be
The square of my uneven desires, and me:
Ile practise duty, and my deed shall show it:
Ile practise love, though Cupid never know it.

When great *Basilius* (he whose princely hand
Nourish'd long peace in the *Arcadian* land)
With triumph, brought to his renowned Court
His new espoused Queen, was great resort
Of forreign States, and Princes, to behold
The truth, that unbeliev'd report hath told
Of fair *Gynecia*'s worth: Thither repair'd
The *Cyprian* Nobles, richly all prepar'd
In warlike furniture, and well addrest,
With solemn Jousts to glorifie the Feast
Of Marriage royal, lately past between
Th' *Arcadian* King, and his thrice noble Queen,
The fair *Gynecia*, in whose face and breast,
Nature, and curious art had done their best,
To sum that rare perfection, which (in brief)
Transcends the power of a strong belief:
Her Syre was the *Cyprian* King, whose fame
Receiv'd more honour from her honour'd name,
Than if he had with his victorious hand,
Unsceptred half the Princes in the Land:
To tell the glory of this royal Feast,
The Bridegrooms state, and how the Bride was dre
The princely service, and the rare delights;
The several names and worth of Lords and Knight
The queint *Impresa*'s, their devisefull shows;
Their Martial sports, their oft redoubled blows;
The courage of this Lord, or that proud Horse,
Who ran, who got the better, who, the worse,

Is not my task; nor lies it in my way,
To make relation of it: Heraulds may:
Yet fame and honour have selected one
From that illustrious crue; and him alone
Have recommended to my carefull quill,
Forbidding that his honour should lie still
Among the rest, whom fortune and his spirit,
That day, had crowned with a victors merit:
His name was *Argalus*, in *Cyprus* born:
And (if what is not ours, may adorn
Our proper fortunes) his bloud royal springs
From th' ancient stock of the great *Cyprian* Kings:
His out-side, had enough to satisfie
The expectation of a curious eye:
Nature was too too prodigal of her beauty,
To make him half so fair, whom fame and duty
He ought to honour, call'd so often forth,
T' approve the excellence of his manly worth:
His minde was richly furnisht with the treasure
Of Moral knowledge, in so liberal measure,
Not to be proud: So valiant and so strong
Of noble courage, not to dare a wrong:
Friendly to all men, inward but with few;
Apt to his old friends, and unapt for new:
Lord of his word, and master of his passion,
Serious in business, choice in recreation:
Not too mistrustfull, and yet wisely wary;
Hard to resolve, and then as hard to vary:
And to conclude, the world could hardly finde
A rare a body with so rare a minde.
Thrice had the bright surveyour of the heaven
Divided out the days and nights by eaven
And equal howers, since this childe of fame
Invited by the glory of her name,)
First view'd *Parthenias* face, whose mutual eye
Met equal flames, and with the secret tye
Of undisclos'd affection, joyn'd together
Their yielding hearts, their loves unknown to either:
Both dearly lov'd; the more they strove to hide
Their love, affection they the more descride.

It lies beyond the power of art to smother
Affection, whereone virtue findes another.
One was their thoughts, and their desires one,
And yet both lov'd, unknown; belov'd, unknown:
One was the Dart, that at the self-same time
Was sent, that wounded her, that wounded him:
Both hop'd, both fear'd alike, both joy'd, both griev'd:
Yet, where they both could help, was none reliev'd:
Two lov'd, and two beloved were, yet none
But two in act, and yet that *all* but one,
By this time had their barren lips betray'd
Their timorous silence; now they had display'd
Loves sanguine colours, whilest the winged Child
Sate in a tree, and clapt his hands, and smil'd
To see the combat of two wounded friends,
He strikes and wounds himself, while she defends
That would be wounded, for her pain proceeds,
And flows from his, and from his wound, she bleeds:
She plays at him, and aiming at his breast,
Pierc'd her own heart: And when his hand addrest
The blow to her fair bosom, there it found
His own dear heart, and gave that heart the wound:
At length both conquer'd, and yet both did yield,
Both lost the day, and yet both won the field:
And as the warfare of their tongues did cease,
Their lips gave earnest of a joyfull peace.

But O the hideous chances that attend
A lovers progress to his journies end!
How many desp'rate rubs, and dangers wait
Each minute on his miserable state!
His hopes do build, what straight his fears destroy:
Sometimes he surfets with excess of joy:
Sometimes despairing ere to finde relief,
He roars beneath the tyranny of grief;
And when loves currant runs with greatest force,
Some obvious mischief still disturbs the course:
For lo, no sooner the discovered flame
Of these new parted lovers did proclame
Loves sacred Jubilee; but the Virgins Mother
(The posture of whose visage did discover

Sor

Some serious matter, harb'ring in her breſt)
Enters the room: Half angry, half in jeſt,
She thus began: *My deareſt childe, this night,*
When as the ſilent darkneſs did invite
Mine eyes to ſlumber, ſundry thoughts poſſeſt
My troubled minde, and robb'd me of my reſt;
I ſlept not, till the early bugle horn
Of Chaunticlere *had ſummon'd in the morn*
T' attend the Light, and nurſe the new-born Day:
At laſt, when Morpheus, *with his leaden key*
Had lock'd my ſenſe, and inlarg'd the power
Of my heaven-guided fancy, for an hour
I ſlumber'd; and before my ſlumbring eyes,
One, and the ſelf ſame dream preſented thrice;
I wak'd; and being frighted at the viſion,
Perceiv'd the Gods had made an apparition.
My dream was this: Me thought I ſaw thee ſitting
Dreſt like a princely Bride, with robes beſitting
The State of Majeſty; thy Nymph-like hair
Looſly diſhevel'd, and thy brows did bear
A Cypreſs wreath; and (thrice three moneths expir'd)
Thy pregnant womb grew heavy and requir'd
Lucina's aid; with that me thought I ſaw
A team of harneſt Peacocks *fiercely draw*
A fiery Chariot from the ſlitting skie,
Wherein there ſate the glorious Majeſtie
Of great Saturnia, *on whoſe train attended*
A hoſt of goddeſſes; Juno *deſcended*
From out the flaming Chariot, and bleſt
Thy painfull womb: Thy pains a while increaſt,
At length ſhe laid her gentle palms upon
Thy fruitfull flank, and there was born a ſon,
She made thee mother of a ſmiling boy,
And after, bleſt thee with a mothers joy,
She kiſt the Babe, whoſe fortune ſhe foretold;
Her on his head ſhe ſet a crown of Gold;
Forthwith, as if the heavens had cloven in ſunder,
Me thought I heard the horrid noiſe of thunder;
The hail ſtorm'd down, and yet the skie was clear,
Some hailſtones that deſcended did appear

As Orient Pearls, some like refined Gold,
Whereat the Goddess turn'd, and said, Behold,
Great Jove *hath sent a gift; go forth, and take't:*
Thus having spoke, she vanisht, and I wak'd:
I wak'd, and waking trembled; for I knew
They were no idle passages, that grew
From my distempered thoughts: 'twas not a vain
Delusion roaving from a troubled brain.
It was a vision, and the Gods forespake
Partheniaes *fortune: Gods cannot mistake.*
I lik'd the dream, wherein the heavens foretold
Thy joyfull Marriage, and the shower of Gold
Betokened wealth: The Infants golden Crown,
Ensuing honour: Juno's *coming down,*
A safe deliverance; and the smiling Boy
Summ'd up the total of a mothers joy:
But what the wreathe of Cypres (that was set
Upon thy nuptial brows) presag'd, as yet
The Gods keep from me: if that secret do
Portend an evil, Heav'n keep it from thee too.
Advise Parthenia: *seek not to wit hit and*
The plot wherein the Gods vouchsafe a hand:
Submit thy will to theirs; what they injoyn,
Must be; nor lies it in my power, or thine
To contradict: Endeavour to fulfill
What, else, must come to pass against thy will:
Now by the filial duty thou dost bear
The Gods and me, or if ought else more dear
Can force obedience; as thou hop'st to speed
At the Gods hands, in greatest time of need;
By Heaven, by Hell: by all the powers above,
I here conjure Parthenia *to remove*
All fond conceits, that labour to disjoyn
What Heaven hath knit, Demagoras *heart and thine;*
The Gods are faithfull; and their wisdoms know
What's better for us mortals, than we do:
Doubt not (my childe) the Gods cannot deceive:
What Heaven does offer, fear not to receive
With thankfull hands; pass not so slightly over
The dear affection of so true a lover:

Pity his flames, relieve his tortur'd breſt,
That findes abroad no joy, at home no reſt:
But, like a wounded Hart before the Hounds,
That flies with Cupid's *javelin in his wounds:*
Stir up thy rak'd up embers of deſire;
The Gods will bring in fewell and blow the fire;
Be gentle; let thy cordial ſmiles revive
His waſted ſpirits, that onely cares to live
To do thee honour: It was Cupid's *will,*
The Dart *he ſent, ſhould onely wound, not kill;*
Yield then: and let the engag'd Gods powre down
Their promis'd bleſſings on thy head, and crown
Thy youth with joyes; and maiſt thou after be
As bleſt in thine, as I am bleſt in thee.

So ſaid, the fair *Parthenia*, to whoſe heart
Her fixt deſires had taught th' unwilling Art
Of diſobedience, calls her judgement in,
And, of two evils, determines it a ſin
More venial, by a reſolute denial,
To prove undutifull, than be diſloyal
To him, whoſe heart a ſacred vow had tyed
So faſt to hers; and (weeping) thus replied.

Madam,
The angry Gods have late conſpir'd to ſhow
The utmoſt their inraged hands could do,
And having laid aſide all mercy, ſtretch
Their power, to make one miſerable wretch,
Whoſe curſt and tortur'd ſoul muſt onely be
The ſubject of their wrath; and I am ſhe.
Hard is the caſe! my dear deſires muſt fail,
My vows muſt crack, my plighted faith be frail;
Or elſe affection muſt be ſo exil'd
A mothers heart, that ſhe renounce her child.

And as ſhe ſpake that word, a flowing tide
Of tears guſht out, whoſe violence deny'd
Th' intended paſſage of her doubling tongue:
She ſtopt a while, then on the floor ſhe flung
Her proſtrate body, while her hands did tear
(Not knowing what they did) her dainty hair:

Sometimes she struck the ground, sometimes her breſt;
Began some words, and then wept out the reſt:
At last, her liveleſs hands did, by degrees,
Raiſe her cast body on her feeble knees,
And humbly rearing her sad eyes upon
Her mothers frowning viſage, thus went on.

Upon theſe knees, theſe knees that ne'r were bent
To you in vain: that never did preſent
Their unrewarded duty: never roſe
Without a mothers bleſſing; upon thoſe,
Upon thoſe naked knees I recommend
To your dear thoughts, thoſe torments that attend
Your poor Parthenia, *whoſe unknown diſtreſs*
Craves rather death, than language to expreſs.
What ſhall I do? Demagoras *and death*
Sound both alike to theſe ſad ears; that breath
That names the one, does nominate the other:
No, no, I cannot love him, my dear mother.
Command Parthenia *now to undergo*
What death you pleaſe, and theſe quick hands ſhall ſhow
The ſeat of my obedience in my heart:
The gods themſelves, that have a ſecret art
To force affection, cannot violate
The laws of Nature, nor the courſe of Fate.
Can earth forget her burthen, and aſcend?
Or can th' aſpiring flames be taught to tend
To the earth? If fire deſcend, and earth aſpire,
Earth were no longer earth, nor fire, fire:
Even ſo, by nature, 'tis all one to me,
To love Demagoras *and not to be:*
No, no, the heavens can do no act that's greater,
Than (having made ſo) to preſerve their creature:
And think you that the righteous Gods will fill me?
With ſuch falſe joyes, as (if injoy'd) would kill me?
I know that they are merciſull, what they
Command, they give a power to obey:
The joyfull Viſion *that your ſlumbring eyes*
Of late beheld, did promiſe and compriſe
A fairer fortune, than the Heavens can ſhare
The poor Partheniaes *merit; whom deſpair*

Hath

Hath swallow'd: Your prophetick dream describe
A royal marriage; pointed out the Bride:
Her safe deliverance; and her smiling Son;
Honour and wealth; and after all was done,
There wants a Bridegroom: *him, the heavens have seal'd*
Within my breast, by me, to be reveal'd;
Which if your patience shall vouchsafe to hear,
My lips shall recommend unto your ear.
When as Basilius (*may whose royal hand*
Long sway the Scepter of th' Arcadian *Land*)
From Cyprus *brought his more than Princely Bride,*
The fair Gynecia, (*whom as* Greece *denide*
An equal; so the world acknowledg'd none
As her superiour in perfection:)
Upon this Ladies royal train, and state,
A great concourse of Nobles did await,
And Cyprian *Princes, with their princely port,*
To see her crown'd in the Arcadian *Court:*
Illustrious Princes were they, but as far
As midnight Phebe *out-shines a twinkling star,*
So far, amongst this rout of Princes, one
Surpast the rest, in honour and renown:
Whose perfect virtue finds more admiration
In the Arcadian *Court, than imitation:*
In th' ex'lence of his outward parts, and feature,
The world conceives, the curious hand of Nature
Out-went it self; which being richly fraught
And furnisht with transcendent worth, is thought
To be the chosen fortress for protection
Of all the Arts, *and store-house of* perfection:
The Cyprus *stock did ne'r, till now, bring forth*
So rare a Branch, whose undervalued worth
Brings greater glorie to the Arcadian *Land,*
Than can the dull Arcadians *understand:*
His name is Argalus:
He (Madam) was that Cypress wreath, *that crown'd*
My nuptial brows: And now the Bridegroom's found,
Cloth'd in the mysterie of that Cypress wreath;
Which, since the better gods have pleas'd to breath
Into my soul, O may I cease to be,

If ought but death part Argalus *and me:*
Yet does my safe obedience not withstand
What you desire, or what the Gods command:
For what the Gods command is your desire
Parthenia *should obey, and not respire*
Against their sacred counsels, or withstand
The plot, wherein they have vouchsaf'd a hand:
We must submit our wills; that they enjoyn
Must be; nor lies it in your power or mine,
To cross: we must endeavour to fulfill
What else must come to pass against our will;
My vows are past, and second Heavens decree.
Nothing shall part my Argalus *and me.*
So said, th' impatient mothers kindled eye
(Half closed with a murtherous frown) let flie
A scorching fire-ball, from whence was shed
Some drops of choler; sternly shakes her head;
With trembling hands unlocks the door, and flees,
Leaving *Parthenia* on her aking knees:
And as she fled, her fury thus began
To open, *And is* Argalus *the man?*
But there she stops, and striving to express
What rage had prompted, could do nothing less.

All you whose dear affections have been tost
In Cupid's *blanket, and unjustly crost*
By wilfull Parents, whose extreme command
Have made you groan beneath their tyrannous hand,
That take a furious pleasure to divorce
Your souls from your best thoughts, (nay what is worse
Than torture) force your fancies to respect,
And dearly love, whom most you disaffect;
Draw near, and comfort the distressed heart
Of poor Parthenia; *let your eyes impart*
One drop at least: and whose'ere thou be
That read'st these lines, may thy desires see
The like success, if reading, thou forbear,
To wet this very paper with a tear.
Behold (poor Lady) how an howers time
Hath pluck'd her faded Roses from their prime,

Who like an unregarded ruin, lies,
With deaths untimely image in her eyes:
She, she, whom hopefull thoughts had newly crownd
With promis'd joyes, lies grov'ling on the ground;
Her weary hand sustains her drooping head;
(*Too soft a pillow for so hard a bed*)
Her eyes swoln up, as loth to see the light,
That would discover so forlorn a sight:
The flaxen wealth of her neglected hairs
Stick fast to her pale cheeks with dried tears;
And at first blush, she seems, as if it were
Some curious statue on a Sepulchre:
Sometimes her briny lips would whisper thus,
My Argalus, my dearest Argalus:
And then they clos'd again, as if the one
Had kist the other, for that service done,
In naming *Argalus*: sometimes oppreſt
With a deep sigh, she gave her fainting breast
A sudden stroke; and after that another,
Crying, *Hard fortune, O hard-hearted mother!*
And sick with her own thoughts, her passion strove
Betwixt the two extreams of grief and love:
The more she griev'd, the more her love abounded:
The more she lov'd, the more her heart was wounded
With desp'rate grief: at length, the tyrannous force
Of love and grief, sent forth this self-discourse.
How art thou chang'd (Parthenia) *how hath passion*
Put all thy thoughts and senses out of fashion?
Exil'd thy little judgement, and betray'd thee?
To thine own self? How nothing hath it made thee?
How is thy weather-beaten soul oppreſt
With storms and tempests blown from the North-east
Of cold despair? which, long ere this, had found
Eternal rest; had been o'erwhelm'd and drown'd
In the deep gulf of all my miseries,
Had I not pumpt this water from mine eyes;
My Argalus; O where, O where art thou?
Thou little think'ſt thy poor Parthenia, *now*
Is tortur'd for thy sake; alas, (*dear heart!*)
Thou knowest not the unsufferable smarts

I un-

I undergo for thee: thou dost not keep
A Register of those sad tears I weep,
No, no, thou dost not.
Well, well; from henceforth, Fortune, *do not spare*
To do the worst thy active mischief dare;
Devise new torments, or repeat the old,
Until thou burst, or I complain: Be bold,
As bitter; I disdain thy rage, thy power;
Who's level'd with the earth, can fall no lower;
Do; spit thy venome forth, and temper all
Thy studied actions with the spirit of gall:
Thy practis'd malice can no charm devise
Too sure for Argalus *to exercise:*
His love shall sweeten death, and make a torture
My sportfull pastime, to make howers shorter:
His love shall fill my heart, and leave no room
Wherein your rage may practice Martyrdom.
But ere that word could usher out another,
The tender Virgins marble-hearted mother,
Enters the chamber; with a chang'd aspect
Beholds *Parthenia*; with a new respect
Salutes her child, and (having clos'd the door)
Her helpfull arm removes her from the floor
Whereon she lay, and being set together,
In gentle terms, she thus did commune with her:
Perverse Parthenia, *is thy heart so sworn*
To Argalus *his love, that it must scorn*
Demagoras? *are your souls conjoyn'd so close,*
That my entreaty may not interpose?
If so, what help? yet let a mothers care
Be not contemn'd, that bids her child beware.
The sickle that's too early, cannot reap
A fruitfull harvest; look before you leap.
Adjourn your thoughts, and make a wise delay,
You cannot measure virtue in a day;
Virtues appear, but vices balk the light;
'Tis hard to read a vice at the first sight.
False are those joyes that are not mixt with doubt,
Fire easily kindled, will not easily out:
Divide that love, which thou bestow'st on one,

'Twixt

Twixt two; try both, then take the best or none:
Consult with time; for time bewrayes, discovers
The faith, the love, the constancie of lovers.
Acts done in haste, by leisure are repented,
And things, soon past, are oft too late lamented.
With that *Parthenia*, rising from her place,
And bowing with incomparable grace,
Made this reply: *Madam, each several day*
Since first you gave this body being, may
Write a large volume of your tender care,
Whose hourly goodness if it should compare?
With my deserts, alas, the world would show
Too great a sum for one poor heart to owe.
I must confess my heart is not so sworn
To Argalus *his merit, as to scorn*
Demagoras; *nor yet so loosely tide,*
That I can slip the knot, and so divide
Entire affection, which must not be sever'd,
Nor ever can be (but in vain) endevour'd:
My heart is one, and by one power guided:
One is no number, cannot be divided:
And Cupids *learned Schoolmen have resolv'd,*
That love divided is but love dissolv'd:
But yet, what plighted faith and honour may
Not now undo, your counsel shall delay.
Madam, Partheniaes *hand is not so greedy,*
To reap her corn, before her corn be ready:
Her unadvised sickle shall not thrust
Into her hopefull Harvest, ere needs must:
To yours, Parthenia *shall submit her skill,*
Whose season shall be season'd by your will:
Her time of harvest shall admit no measure,
But onely what's proportioned by your pleasure.
So ended she; but till that darkness got
The mastry of the light, they parted not:
The mother pleads for the *Laconian* Lord;
The daughter (whose impatience had abhorr'd
His very name, had not her mother spok't)
She pleads her vow, which cannot be revok't:

Yet

Yet still the mother pleads, and does omit
No way untry'd, that a hard hearted wit
Knows to devise: persuades, allures, intreats,
Mingles her words with smiles, with tears, with th
Commands, conjures, tries one way, tries anoth
Does th' utmost that a marble-breasted mother
Can do: and yet the more she did apply,
The more she taught *Parthenia* to deny,
The more she did assault, the more contend,
The more she taught the Virgin to defend:
At last, despairing (for her words did find
More hopes to move a mountain than her mind)
She spake no more: but from her chair she started,
And spit these words, *Go peevish Girl*, and parted:
Away she flings, and finding no success
In her lost words, her furie did address
Her raging thoughts to a new studied plot:
Actions must now enforce, what words could not,
Treason is in her thoughts: her furious breath
Can whisper now no language under death:
Poor *Argalus* must die, and his remove
Must make the passage to *Demagoras* love:
And till that bar be broken, or put by,
No hope to speed: Poor *Argalus* must die.
Demagoras is call'd to counsel now,
Consults, consents, and after mutual vow,
Resolving on the act, they both conspire
Which way to execute their close desire:
Drawing his keen *Steeletto* from his side,
Madam (said he) *this medicine well applide*
To Argalus *his bosom, will give rest*
To him, and me: the sudden way is best.
My Lord: your trembling hand (said she) *may miss*
The mark, and then your self in danger is
Of out-cry: or perchance his own resistance:
Attempts are dangerous, at so small a distance:
A Drug's the better weapon, which does breath
Deaths secret errand, carries sudden death
Clos'd up in sweetness: Come, a Drug strikes sure,
And works our ends, and yet we sleep secure:

My Lord, bethink no other: set your rest
Upon these Cards: *the surest way is best:*
Leave me to manage our successfull plot,
And if these studious brows contrive it not
Too sure for art of Magick *to prevent,*
Ne'r trust a woman's wit when fully bent
To take revenge: Begone, my Lord, Repose
The trust in me: Onely be wise, be close.
That night, when as the universal shade
Of the unspangled Heaven, and Earth, had made
An utter darkness; (darkness apt to further
The horrid enterprise of rapes, and murther)
She, she, that now lacks nothing to procure
A full revenge, she calls *Athleia* to her,
(*Partheniaes* handmaid) whom she thus bespake:
Athleia, *dare thy private thoughts partake*
With mine? Canst thou be secret? Has thy breast
A lock, that none can pick by theevish art,
Or break by force? tell me, canst thou digest
A secret, trusted to thy faithfull breast?
Madam, (said she,) *Let me be never true*
To my own thoughts, if ever false to you:
Speak what you please; Athleia *shall conceal;*
Torments may make me roar, but ne'r reveal.
Repli'd the Lady then: Athleia *knows*
How much, how much my dear affection owes
Partheniaes *heart, whose welfare is the crown*
Of all my joyes, which now is overthrown,
And deeply buried in forgotten dust,
If thou betray the secret of my trust;
It lieth in thy power to remove
Approaching evils: Parthenia *is in love:*
Her wasted spirits languish in her breast,
And nought, but look'd for death, can give her rest:
'Tis Argalus *she loves; who with disdain*
Requites her love, not loving her again;
He slights her tears; the more that he neglects:
The more entirely she (poor soul) affects:
She groans beneath the burthen of despair,
And with her sighes she cloyes the idle air:

Thou

Thou art acquainted with her private fears,
And you, so oft exchanging tongues and tears,
Must know too much, for one poor heart t'endure;
But desperate's the wound admits no cure:
It lies in thee to help: Athleia, *say,*
Wilt thou assist me, if I find the way?
Madam, my forced ignorance shall be
Sufficient earnest for my secrecy:
Your lips have utter'd nothing that is new
To Athleia's *ears; alas, it is too true:*
Long, long ere this, your servant had reveal'd
The same to you, had not these lips been seal'd:
But if my best endevours may extend
To bring my Ladies sorrows to an end,
Let all th' enraged Deities allot
To me worse torment, if I do it not:
My life 's too poor to hazard for her ease;
Madam, Ile do't, Command me what you please.
So said, the treacherous Lady stept aside,
Into her serious closet; and appli'd
Her hasty, and perfidious hands, to frame
This forged Letter, in *Partheniaes* name.

To her faithfull *Argalus.*

ALthough the malice of a mother
Does yet enforce my tongue to smother
What my desire is, should flame;
Yet Parthenia's *the same.*
Although my fire be hid a while,
'Tis but fire slak'd with oyl:
Before seven Suns shall rise and fall,
It shall burn, and blaze withall.

What I send thee, drink with speed,
Else let my Argalus *take heed;*
Unless thy providence withstand,
There is treason near at hand:
Drink as thou lov'st me, and it shall secure thee
From future dangers, or from pain, recure thee.
Thy constant *Parthenia.*

This

This done, and seal'd, she op'd her private door,
Call'd in *Athleia*, and said, *For every sore*
The gods provide a salve; force must prevail
Where sighes and tears, and deep entreaties fail.
Forthwith, from out her Cabinet she took
A little glass, and said, Athleia, *look*,
Within these slender walls, these glazed lifts,
Partheniaes *happines, and life consists:*
It is Nepenthe; *which the factious gods*
Do use to drink, when ere they be at ods;
Whose secret virtue (*so infus'd by* Jove)
Does turn deep hatred, into dearest love;
It makes the proudest lover whine and baul,
And such to dote, as never lov'd at all:
Here, take this glass, and recommend the same
To Argalus *in his* Partheniaes *name,*
And to his hand, to his own hand commit
This Letter; between Argalus *and it*
Let no eye come: Be sure thy speed prevent
The rising Sun; and so heavens crown th' event,
By this, the feather'd *Belman* of the night
Sent forth his midnight summons, to invite
All eyes to slumber; when they both addrest
Their thoughtfull minds, to take a doubtfull rest.
O Heavens! and you, O you celestial powers,
That never slumber, but imploy all howers
In mans protection; still preserving, keeping
Our souls from obvious dangers, waking, sleeping.
O, can your all-discerning eyes behold
Such impious actions prosper uncontrol'd?
Can your hearts, your tender hearts endure
To see your servant (*that now sleeps secure,*
Unarm'd, unwarn'd, and having no defence,
But your protection, and his innocence)
Betray'd and murther'd, drawing at one breath
His own prepar'd destruction, his own death?
And will ye suffer't? he that is the crown
Of prized virtue, honour and renown;
The flower of Arts; the Cyprian *living storie:*
Arcadia's Garland, and great Greeces *glorie;*

The Earths new wonder, and the worlds example,
Must die betray'd; treason and death must trample
Upon his life; and, in the dust must lie
As much admir'd perfection, as can die.
No, Argalus, the coward hand of death
Durst ne'r assault thee, if not underneath
The mask of love: thou art above the reach
Of open wrongs; mans force could ne'r make breach
Into thy life: no, Death could ne'r uncase
Thy soul, had she appeared face to face.
Dream, Argalus, and let thy thoughts be troubled
With murthers, treasons, let thy dreams be doubled:
And what thy frighted fancy shall perceive,
Be wisely superstitious, and believe.
O, that my lines could wake thee now, and sever
Those eye-lids, that ere long must sleep for ever:
Wake now or never Argalus, *and withstand*
Thy danger: Wake, the murtherers is at hand:
Parthenia, *O* Parthenia, *who shall weep*
Thy world of tears? Canst thou, O canst thou sleep?
Will thy dull Genius give thee leave to slumber?
Does nothing trouble thee? no dream incumber
Thy frighted thoughts, and Argalus *so near*
His latest bower? Not one dreaming tear?
Sleep on: and when thy flattering slumber's past,
Perchance, thine eyes will learn to weep in fast:
His death is plotted; and this morning light
Must send him down, into eternal night:
Nay, what is worse than worst; his dying breath
Will censure thee, as Agent *in his death.*

By this, the broad fac'd *Quirister* of night
Surceas'd her screeching note, and took her flight
To the next neighbouring Ivy: birds and beasts
Forsake the warm protection of their neasts,
And nightly dens, whilest darkness did display
Her sable curtains to let in the day;
When sad *Athleia*'s dream had unbenighted
Her slumbering eyes, her busie thoughts were frighted
She rose, and trembled; and being half distraught
With her prophetick fears, she thus bethought.

What ails the Gods thus to disturb my rest,
And make such earth-quakes in my troubled breſt?
Nothing but death, and murthers? Graves and Bells,
Frightning my fancy, with their hourly knells?
'Twas nothing but a dream; and dreams they ſay,
Expound themſelves the clean contrary way:
The riddle's read; and now I underſtand
My dreams intents: Some marriage is at hand:
For death interpreted is nothing elſe
But Marriage; and the melancholy Bells
Is mirth and muſick: By the grave, is read
The joyfull, joyfull, joyfull marriage bed:
I, it is plain: and now, me thinks 'twas I
That my prophetick dream foretold ſhould die.
If this be death, Death *exerciſe thy power,*
And let Athleia *die within this hour:*
Do, do thy worſt, Athleia's *faithfull breath*
Shall pray for nothing more than ſudden death.
But ſtay, Athleia, *the too forward day*
Begins to gild the Eaſt; away, away.

So having ſaid, the nimble fingered Laſs
Took the forg'd Letter, and the amorous glaſs:
And to her early progreſs ſhe applies her:
Departs, and towards *Argalus* ſhe hies her;
But every ſtep ſhe took, her minde enforc'd
New thoughts, and with her ſelf ſhe thus diſcours'd:

How frail's the nature of a womans will!
How croſs! The thing that's moſt forbidden, ſtill
They more deſire; and leaſt inclin'd to do,
What they are moſt of all perſwaded to:
Had not (alas) my Lady bound theſe hands,
Athleia *ne'r had ſtrugled with her hands:*
I muſt not taſte it! Had ſhe not injoyn'd
My lips from taſting it, Athleia's *minde*
Had never thought on't; now me thinks I long;
Deſires, if once confin'd, become too ſtrong
For womans conquer'd reaſon to reſiſt:
A womans reaſon's meaſur'd by her liſt.
I long to taſte; yet was there nothing did
Move my deſire, but that I was forbid.

With

With that she staid her weary steps, and hasted
T' unty the glass; lift up her arm, and tasted:
That done (and having now attain'd, almost,
Her journies end) the little time she lost,
New speed regains: The nimble ground she traces
With double hast, and quick redoubled paces,
All on a suden she begins to faint:
Her bowels gripe, her breath begins to taint:
Her bliſtred tongue grows hot, her liver glowes:
Her veins do boil, her colour comes and goes,
She staggers, falls, and on the ground she lies:
Swells like a bladder, roars, and bursts, and dies.
Thus from her ruine, *Argalus* derives
His longer life, and by her death he lives;
Live *Argalus*, and let the gods allot
Such morning draughts, to those that love thee not:
Live long, and let the righteous powers above,
That hath preserv'd thee for *Partheniaes* love,
Crown all thy hopes, and fortunes with event
Too sure, for second treasons to prevent.
By this time, did the lavish breath of Fame
Give language to her Trumpet, and proclame
Athleiaes death; the current of which news
Truths warrant, had forbidden to abuse
Deceived ears: which when the Lady heard,
Whose treacherous heart was greedily prepar'd
To entertain a murther, she arose
And with rude violence desperately throws
Her trembling body on the naked floor,
But what she said, and did, I will deplore,
Not utter; but with forced silence smother,
Because she was the fair *Partheniaes* mother:
May it suffice, that the extremes of shame,
And unresisted sorrow overcame
Her disappointed malice, less lamenting
The treason, than success; and more repenting
Of what she fail'd to do, than what she did,
Her sullen soul despairs; her thoughts forbid
What reason wants the power to perswade;
And griefs being grown too deep for her to wade,

She sinks; and with a hollow sigh she cried,
Welcome thou easer of all evils, and died.
Now tongues begin to walk; and every ear
Hath got the *Saturyasis* to hear
This tragick Scene: the breath of *Fame* grows bold,
Fears no repulse, and scorns to be control'd:
Whilest loud report, (whose tender lips, before,
Durst onely whisper) now begins to roar;
The Letter found in dead *Athleias* breast,
Bewray'd the plot, and what (before) was guest,
Is now confirm'd and clear'd: for all men knew
Whose hand it was, and whence the malice grew.
But have we lost Parthenia? *In what Isle*
Of endless sorrow lurks she all this while?
Sweet Reader, urge me not to tell, for fear
Thy heart dissolve, and melt into a tear:
Excuse my silence: if my lines should speak,
Such marble hearts, as could not melt, would break.
No, leave her to her self; it is not fit
To write, what being read, you'd wish unwrit:
I leave this task to those, that take delight,
To see poor Ladies tortur'd in despight
Of all remorse; whose hearts are still at strife
To paint a torment to the very life;
I leave that task to such, as have the pow'r
To weep, and smile again within an hour:
To those whose flinty hearts are more contented
To kill a grief, than pity the tormented:
Let it suffice, that had not Heaven protected
Her Argalus, *the joy whereof corrected*
That furious grief, which passion recommended
To her sad thoughts, her story here had ended.
When time (the enemy of Fame) had clos'd
Her babling lips, and gently had compos'd
Parthenias sorrows, raising from the ground
Her body spent with grief, and almost drown'd
In her own tears, a long expected Scean
Of better fortune enters in, to dream
Her marish eyes: her stormy night of tears
Being past a welcome day of joy appears

The rock's remov'd, and loves wide Ocean now
Gives room enough; looks with a milder brow.
Reader, forget thy sorrows; Let thine ear
Welcome the tidings thou so long'st to hear:
A lovers diet's sweet commixt with sowre;
His Hell and Heaven oft times divides an hour.
Now *Argalus* can finde a fair access
To his *Parthenia*: now fears nothing less
Than ears and eyes; and now *Parthenies* heart
Can give her tongue the freedom to impart
His louder welcome, whilest her greedy eye
Can look her fill, and fear no stander by:
She's not *Parthenia*, he not present with her;
And he not *Argalus*, if not together: (chat
Their cheeks are fill'd with smiles; their tongues wi
Now, this they make their subject: and now, that:
One while they laugh, and laughing, wrangle too,
And jar, as jealous lovers use to do:
And then a kiss must make them friends again:
Faith, one's too little; Lovers must have twain:
Two brings in ten, ten multiplies to twenty:
That, to a hundred: then because the plenty
Grows troublesome to count, and does incumber
Their lips, their lips gave kisses without number:
Their thoughts run back to former times: they told
Of all loves passages they had of old:
Of this thing done, the time, the place, and why;
The manner how, and who were present by:
The mothers craft, her undeceiv'd suspition:
Her baited words, her marble disposition:
His pining thoughts, and her projecting fears:
His soliloquies, and her secret tears:
Where first they met, th' occasion of their meeting:
Their complement, the manner of their greeting:
His danger, his deliverance, and the reason
That first induc'd the Agents to the treason.
Thus by the priviledge of time and leisure
Their sweet discourses (crown'd with mutual pleasu
Commixt with grief) they equal with the light,
And after, grumble at the envious night,

Whic

Which bids them part too soon: what day deny'd
In words, in thoughts the tedious night supply'd,
Which blam'd the *Fates* for doing Lovers wrong,
To make the day so short, the night so long.
But now the little winged God repented
That he had laugh'd so much, his heart relented,
His very soul grew sad, his blinded eye
Began to weep at his own tyranny:
Laments their sorrows: findes a secret way,
To make the night as pleasing as the day:
Calls *Hymen* in, and in his ear discovers
The lingring torments of these wounded Lovers:
Gives him a charge, no longer to defer,
T' ingross their names within his Register.
And now *Partheniaes* harvest draweth near:
The dearly purchas'd price of many a tear)
Her joy shall reap, what a world of grief hath sown:
The time's appointed, and the day's set down,
Wherein sweet *Hymen*, with his Nuptial bands,
Shall joyn together their espoused hands.
Here stop my Muse: retire thy self and stay,
To gather breath against the *Marriage-day*.

Readers, the joyfull Bride salutes ye all,
In her behalf, if any have let fall
A tender tear, to those she makes request,
That they'l be pleas'd to grace her Marriage Feast.

Argalus

Argalus and *Parthenia*.

The second Book.

SAil gentle *Pinace*: Now the heavens are clear,
The windes blow fair: Behold the harbor's near,
Tridented *Neptune* hath forgot to frown,
The rocks are past: the storm is over-blown.
Up weather-beaten voyagers, and rouze ye,
Forsake your loathed *Cabbins*: up and louze ye
Upon the open decks, and smell the land:
Chear up, the welcome shore is nigh at hand:
Sail gentle *Pinace*, with a prosperous gale,
To th' Ile of *Peace*: Sail, gentle *Pinace*, sail:
Fortune conduct thee: let thy keel divide
The silver streams, that thou maist safely slide
Into the bosome of thy quiet *Key*,
And quit thee fairly of th' injurious *Sea*.
Great Sea-born Queen, thy birth-right gives thee power
T' assist poor suppliants, grant one happy hour:
O, let these wounded Lovers be possest,
At length, of their so long desired rest.
Now, now the joyfull marriage *day* draws on:
The *Bride* is busie, and the *Bridegroom*'s gone
To call his fellow Princes to the feast:
The *Garland*'s made: The bridal *Chamber*'s dreſt:
The *Muses* have consulted with the *Graces*,
To crown the day, and honour their embraces

With ſhadow'd *Epithalms*: their warbling tongues
Are perfect in their new made *Lyrick* ſongs:
Hymen begins to grumble at delay,
And *Bacchus* laughs to think upon the day;
The virgin tapers, and what other rights
Do appertain to *Nuptial* delights
Are all prepar'd, whereby may be expreſt
The joyfull triumph of this marriage feaſt.
But ſtay! who lends me now an iron pen,
T' engrave within the marble hearts of men
A tragick Scean: which whoſo'er ſhall read,
His eyes may ſpare to weep, and learn to bleed
Carnatian tears: if time ſhall not allow
His death-prevented eyes to weep enow,
Then let his dying language recommend
What 's left to his poſterity to end.
Thou ſaddeſt of all Muſes, come, afford
Thy ſinditom help, that each confounding word
May rend a heart (at leaſt,) that every line
May pickle up a Kingdom in the brine
Of her own tears: O teach me how t' extract
The ſpirit of grief, whoſe virtue may diſtract
Thoſe breaſts, which ſorrow knows not how to kill,
Inſpire, O inſpire my melting quill;
And like ſad Niobe, *let every one*
That cannot melt, be turn'd into a ſtone:
Teach me to paint an oft-repeated ſigh
So to the life, that whoſo'er be nigh,
May hear it breath, and learn to do the like
By imitation, till true paſſion ſtrike
Their bleeding hearts: Let ſuch as ſhall rehearſe
This ſtorie, bout like Iriſh *at a hearſe.*
Th' event ſtill crowns the act: Let no man ſay,
Before the evening 's come, 't is a fair day:
For when the *Kalends* of this bridal feaſt
Were entred in, and every longing breaſt
Waxt great with expectation, and all eyes
(Prepar'd for entertaining novelties)
Were grown impatient now, to be ſuffic'd
With that, which *Art* and *Honour* had deviſ'd
T' ador

T' adorn the times withall, and to display
Their bounty, and the glorie of that day,
The rare *Parthenia*, taking sweet occasion
To bless her busie thoughts, with contemplation
Of absent *Argalus*, whose too long stay
Made minutes seem as days, and every day
A measur'd age; into her secret bower
Betook her weary steps, where every hower
Her greedy ears expect to hear the sum
Of all her hopes, that *Argalus* is come.
She hopes, she fears at once; and still she muses
What makes him stay so long; she chides, excuses;
She questions, answers, and she makes reply,
And talks, as if her *Argalus* were by:
Why com'st thou not? Can Argalus *forget*
His languishing Parthenia? *What not yet?*
But as she spake that word, she heard a noise,
Which seemed, as if it were the whisp'ring voice
Of close conspiracie: she began to fear
She knew not what, till her deceived ear
(Instructed by her hopes) had singled out
The voice of *Argalus* from all the rout;
Whose steps (as she supposed) did prepare,
By stealth to seize upon her unaware:
She gave advantage to the thriving plot,
Hearing the noise, as if she heard it not:
Like as young Doves, (which ne'r had yet forsaken
The warm protection of their nest, or taken
Upon themselves, a self-providing care,
To shift for food, but with paternal fare
Grow fat and plump) think every noise they hear,
Their full cropt parents are at hand to chear
Their craving stomacks; whilst th' impatient fist
Of the false Cater, rifling where it list,
In every hole, surprises them, and sheds
Their guiltless bloud, and parts their gasping heads
From their vain-strugling bodies; so, even so,
Our poor deceiv'd *Parthenia*, (that did ow
Too much to her own hopes) the whilst her eyes
Were set to welcome the unvalued prize

Of all her joyes, her deareſt *Argalus*,
Stept in *Demagoras*, and ſalutes her thus:
Baſe trull, Demagoras *comes to let thee ſee,*
How much he ſcorns thy painted face, and thee:
Foul Sorcereſs! could thy proſperous actions think
To ſcape revenge, becauſe the gods did wink
At thy deſigns? Think'ſt thou thy mothers blood
Cryes in a language, not to be underſtood?
Hadſt thou no cloſer ſtratagem, to further
Thy pamper'd luſt, but by the ſavage murther
Of thine own aged parent, whoſe ſad death
Muſt give a freedom to the whiſp'ring breath
Of thy enjoy'd Adulterer? *who (they ſay)*
Will cloak thy whoredom with a marriage day:
Nay ſtruggle not, here's none that can reprieve
Such pounded beaſts: It is in vain to ſtrive,
Or roar for help; Why doſt not rather weep
That I may laugh? perchance, if thou wilt creep
Upon thy wanton belly, and confeſs
Thy ſelf a true repentant Murthereſs,
My ſinfull Page *may play the fool, and gather*
Thy early fruit into his barn, and father
The new-got Cyprian *baſtard, if that he*
Be half ſo wiſe, that got it, but to flee:
Hah! doſt thou weep? or do falſe miſts but mock
Abuſed eyes? from ſo obdure a rock
Can water flow? Weeping will make thee fair;
Weep till thy marriage day; that who repair
To grace thy feaſt, may fall a weeping too,
And, in a mirror, ſee what tears can do.
Vile ſtrumpet! did thy flattering thoughts ere wrong
Thy judgement ſo; to think, Demagoras *tongue*
Could ſo defile his honour, as to ſue
For ſerious love? ſo baſe a thing as you
(Me thinks) ſhould rather fix your wanton eyes
Upon ſome eaſie groom, that hopes to riſe
Into his Maſters favour for your ſake:
I, this had been preferment, like to make
A hopefull fortune: thou preſumptuous traſh!
What was my courtſhip, but the minutes daſh

Of youthfull passion, to allay the dust
Of my desires, and exuberous lust?
I scorn thee to the soul, and here I stand
Bound for revenge, whereto I set my hand.

With that, he grip'd her rudely by the fair
And bounteous treasure of her Nymph-like hair:
And, by it, drag'd her on the dusty floor:
He stopt her mouth, for fear she should implore
An aid from Heaven: she swouning in the place,
His salvage hands besmear'd her liveless face
With horrid poyson, thinking she was dead,
He left her breathless, and away he fled.

Come, come ye Furies, you malignant spirits,
Infernal Harpies, or what else, inherits
The land of darkness; you that still converse
With damned souls; you, you that can rehearse
The horrid facts of villains, and can tell
How every hell-hound looks, that roars in hell,
Survey them all; and, then, inform my pen
To draw in one, the monster of all men:
Teach me to lim a villain, and to paint,
With dextrous art, the basest Sycophant
That ere the mouth of insolent disdain
Vouchsaf'd to spit upon: the putrid blain
Of all diseased humours, fit for none
But dogs to lift their hasty legs upon:
So clear mens eyes, that whoso'er shall see
The type of boseness, may cry, This is he:
Let his reproach be a perpetual blot
In honours book: Let his remembrance rot
In all good mindes: Let none but villains call
His bug-bear name to memorie, wherewithall
To fright their bauling bastards: Let no spel
Be found more potent, to prevail in hel,
Than the nine Letters of his charm-like name:
Which, let our bashfull Chris-cross-row disclaim
To the worlds end, not worthy to be set
In any but the Jewish Alphabet.

But hark! am I deceiv'd: or do I hear
The voice of *Arg'lus* sounding in mine ear?

He calls *Parthenia*: no, that tongue can be
No counterfeit: He 's come: 't is he, 't is he.
Welcome too late, that art now come too soon:
Hadst thou been here, this deed had ne'er been done.
Alas! when lovers linger, and out-go
Their promis'd *date*, they know not what they do:
Men fondly say, that women are too fond
At parting; to require so strict a bond
For quick return: Poor souls! 't is they indure
Oft-times the danger of the forfeiture:
I blame them not: for mischief still attends
Upon the too long absence of true friends.
Well, *Argalus* is come, and seeks about
In every room to find *Parthenia* out:
He asks, inquires, but all lips are sparing
To be the authours of ill news, not daring
To speak the truth: they all amazed stand:
And now my Lord's as fearfull to demand;
Dares not enquire her health, lest his sad ear
Should hear such words, as he 's afraid to hear:
All lips are bolted with a linnen bar,
And every eye does, like a blazing star,
Portend some evil; no language finds a leak:
The less they speak, the more he fears to speak.
Faces grow sad, and every private ear
Is turn'd a *Closet* for the whisperer:
He walks the room; and like an unknown stranger,
They eye him: from each eye, he picks a danger.
At last his lips not daring t' importune
What none dare tell him, unexpected Fortune
Leads his rash steps into a dark'ned room,
A place more black than night: no sooner come,
But he was welcom'd with a sigh, as deep,
As a spent heart can give: he heard one weep,
And by the noise of groans and sobs, was led
(Having no other guid) to the sad bed.
Who is 't (said he) *that calls untimely night*
To hide those griefs that thus abjure the light?
With that, as if her heart had rent in two,
She past a sigh, and said, *O ask not who.*

Urge not my tongue to make a forc'd reply
To your demand: Alas! it is not I.
Not I (said he?) *what language do I here?*
Darkneſs may ſtop mine eye, but not mine ear:
It is my dear Parthenia's *voice, ah me!*
And can Parthenia, *not* Parthenia *be?*
What means this word, (Alas it is not I!)
What ſudden ill hath taught thee to deny
Thy ſelf? or what can Argalus *then claim,*
If his Parthenia *be not the ſame*
She was? Alas, it ſeems to me all one
To ſay, Thou art not hers, that 's not her own:
Can hills forget their pond'rous bulk, and fly
Like wandring Atomes, in the empty ſky?
Or can the heavens (*grown idle*) *not fulfill*
Their certain revolutions, but ſtand ſtill,
And leave their conſtant motion for the wind
T'inherit? Can Parthenia *change her mind?*
Heav'n ſooner ſhall ſtand ſtill, and earth remove,
Ere my Parthenia *falſifie her love:*
Unfold thy riddle then; and tell me, why
Thoſe lips ſhould ſay, (Alas! it is not I.)
Whereto ſhe thus reply'd: *O do not thou*
So wrong thy noble thoughts, as once t' allow,
That curſed name a room within thy breſt,
Let not ſo foul a prodigy be bleſt
Wth thy loſt breath: Let it be held a ſin,
Too great for pardon, ere to name 't agen:
Let darkneſs hide it in eternal night:
May it be clad with horror to affright
A deſp'rate conſcience: He that knows not how
To mouth a curſe, O let him practiſe now
Upon this name: Let him that would contract
The body of all miſchief, or extract
The quint'eſſence of a ſorrow, onely claim
A ſecret priviledge to uſe that name:
Far be it from thy language, to commit
So foul a ſin, as once to mention it:
Live happy Arg'lus; do not thou partake
In theſe my miſeries: O forbear to make

My burden greater, by thy tender sorrow:
Alas, my heart is strong, and needs not borrow
Thy needless help: O be thou not so cruel,
To feed my flaming fires with thy fuel:
Why dost thou sigh? O wherefore should thy heart
Usurp my stage, and act Parthenia's *part?*
It is my proper task: what, dost thou mean,
Without my licence, to intrude my Scene?
Alas! thy sorrows ease not my distress;
God knows, I weep not one poor tear the less:
My Patent's sign'd and past, whereby appears
That I have got the Monopoly *of tears.*
In me let each mans torment find an end:
I am that Sea, to which all Rivers tend:
Let all spent mourners, that can weep no more,
Take tears on trust, and set them on my score.
And as she spake that word, his heart not able
To bear a language so unsufferable,
But being swoln so big, must either break,
Or vent, his conquer'd reason grew too weak
T' oppose his quickened passion (like a man
Transported from himself) he thus began:
Accursed darkness! *thou sad type of death!*
Infernal Hag, *whose dwelling is beneath!*
What means thy boldness to usurp this room,
And force a night, before the night be come:
Get, get thee down, and keep within thy lists:
Go revel there; and hurl thy hideous mists
Before those cursed eyes, that take delight
In utter darkness, and abhor the light;
Return thee to thy dungeon, whence thou came,
And hide those faces, whose infernal flame
Cals for more darkness, and whose tortur'd souls
Crave the protection of th' obscurest holes,
To scape some lashes, and avoid those strict
And horrid plagues, the Furies do inflict:
But if thou needs must ramble here, above:
Go to some other Clymate, *and remove*
Thy ugly presence from our darkned eyes,
That hate thy tyranny: Go exercise

Thy

Thy power in Groves, and ſolitarie ſprings,
Where Bats are ſubjects, and where Owls are Kings:
Go to the graves, and fill thoſe empty rooms,
That ſuch as ſlumber in their ſilent tombs
May bleſs thy welcome ſhades, and lie poſſeſt
Of undiſturbed and eternal reſt:
Or if thy more ambitious fogs deſire
To haunt the living, haſte thee, and retire
Into ſome Cloyſter, and there ſtand between
The light, and thoſe that fain would ſin, unſeen;
Aſſiſt them there; and let thy ugly ſhapes,
Counſ'nance cloſe treaſons, and inceſtuous rapes:
Benight thoſe rooms; and aid all ſuch as fear
The eye of Heaven: Go, cloſe thy Curtains there,
We need thee not, (foul Witch) away, away;
Thou bid'ſt more beauty than the noon of day
Can give; O thou, that haſt ſo rudely hurl'd
On this dark bed the glorie of the world.

So ſaid, abruptly he the room departs,
His cheeks look pale, his curled hair upſtarts
Like quils of Porcupines, and from his eye
Quick flaſhes like the flames of lightning flie:
He cals for light; the light no ſooner come,
But his own hand conveyes it to the room
From whence he came, and as he entred in
He bleſt himſelf; he bleſt himſelf again,
Thrice did he bleſs himſelf, and after ſaid,
Foul witch be gone, and let thy diſmal ſhade,
Forſake this place: Let thy dark fogs obey
Great Vulcans *charge; in* Vulcans *name, away:*
Or if thy ſtout rebellion ſhall diſclaim
His ſovereignty, in my Partheniaes *name*
I charm thee hence. And as that word flew out,
He ſtept to that ſad bed, where round about,
Clos'd were the Curtains, as if darkneſs did
Command that ſuch a Jewel ſhould be hid:
His left hand held the taper, and his right
Enforc'd the Curtains, to abſolve the light:
Which done, appear'd before his wondring eye
The trueſt portrait of deformitie,

As ere the Sun beheld: that lovely face
That was of late the model of all grace
And peerleſs beauty, whoſe imperious eyes
Raviſht where ere they lookt, and did ſurpriſe
The very ſouls of men; ſhe, ſhe, of whom
Nature her ſelf was proud, is now become
So loath'd an object, ſo deform'd, diſguis'd,
As darkneſs, for mans ſake, was well advis'd
To clothe in miſts, leſt any were incited
To ſee that face, and ſo depart affrighted.
All this when *Argalus* beheld, and found
It was no dream, he fell upon the ground,
And rav'd, and roſe again, ſtood ſtill, and gaz'd;
At firſt he ſtartled, then he ſtood amaz'd:
Looks now upon the light, and now on her,
One while his tired fancie does refer
His thoughts to ſilence; as his thoughts increaſe,
His paſſion ſtrives for vent, and breaks that peace
Which conquer'd Reaſon had of late concluded,
And thus began: *Are theſe falſe eyes deluded?*
Or have inchanted miſts ſtept in between
My abuſed eyes, and what my eyes have ſeen?
No, miſchief cannot act ſo fair a part,
T' affright in jeſt; it goes beyond the art
Of all blackbooks, to mark with ſuch diſguiſe
So ſweet a face: I know that theſe are eyes,
And this a light: Falſe miſts could never be
Betwixt my poor Parthenia, *and me.*
Accurſed Tapor! *what infernal ſpright*
Breath'd in thy face? what furie gave thee light?
Thou imp of Phlegeton; *who let thee in*
To force a day, before the day begin?
Who brought thee hither? I? did I? From whom,
What lean-chapt furie did I ſnatch thee from?
When as this curſed hand did go about
To bring thee in, why went not theſe eyes out?
Be all ſuch Tapors *curſed for thy ſake;*
Ne'r ſhine, but at ſome Vigil, or ſad Wake;
Be never ſeen, but when as ſorrow calls
Thy needfull help to nightly funerals;

Be as a May-game for th' amazed Bat
To sport about; and Owls *to wonder at:*
Still haunt the Chancels at a midnight knell,
To fright the Sexton *from his passing Bell:*
Give light to none but treasons, and be hid
In their dark lanthorns: Let all mirth forbid
Thy treacherous flames the room: and if that none
Shall daign to put thee out, go out alone:
Attend some misers table, and then waste
Too soon, that he may curse thee for thy haste;
Burn dim for ever: Let that flatt'ring light
Thou feed'st, consume thy stock: be banisht quite
From Cupids *Court: When lovers go about*
Their stollen pleasures, let your flames go out:
Henceforth be usefull to no other end,
But onely to burn day-light, or attend
The midnight cups of such as shall resign
With usurie their undigested wine:
Why dost thou burn so clear? Alas! these eyes
Discern too much: thy wanton blaze doth rise
Too high a pitch: thou burnst too bright for such
As see no comfort: O thou shin'st too much:
Why dost thou vex me? Is thy flame so stout
T' endure my breath? this breath shall puff thee out:
Thus, thus my joyes are quite extinguisht, never
To be reviv'd: Thus gone, thus gone for ever.

With that, transported with a furious haste,
He blew it out: but mark, that very blast
(As if it meant on purpose, to disclaim
His desp'rate thoughts) reviv'd th' extinguisht flame.
He stands amaz'd; and, having mus'd a while,
Beholds the Tapor, and begins to smile.
And can the gods themselves (said he) *contrive*
A way for hope? Can my past joyes revive,
Like this rekindled fire? if they do
I'll curse my lips (*bright Lamp*) *for cursing you.*
Eternal Fates! deal fairly; dally not:
If your bid bounties have reserv'd a lot
Beyond my wained hope, be it exprest
In open view; make haste, and do your best:

But if your Justice be determin'd so
To exercise your vengeance on my woe,
Strengthen not what at length you mean to burst;
Strike home betimes; dispatch, and do your worst:
That burthen is too great for him to bear,
That's evenly poised betwixt hope and fear.

And there he stopt; as fearing to molest
The silent peace of her dissembled rest.
He gaz'd upon her; stood as in a trance:
Sometimes her liveless hand he would advance
To his sad lips; then steal it down agen:
Sometimes, a tear would fall upon't, and then
A sigh must dry it; every kiss did bear
A sigh, and every sigh begat a tear:
He kist, he sigh'd, he wept, and, for a space,
He fixt his eye upon her wounded face,
And in a whispering language, he disburs'd
His various thoughts; thus, with himself discours'd.

And were the Sun-beams of those eyes too fierce
For mortal view? Or did those fires disperse
Flames too consuming for th' amaz'd beholder?
Or did thy youth make treason e'er the bolder
To stain that brow; and by a midnight theft,
To steal more beauty than the day had left?
Or did that blind, that childish god descry
A kind of twilight from that heavenly eye,
Which, over-bright, he sought to make more dim
By blurring that, which else had blasted him?
Or did the Sea-born goddess Queen repine
To see her star out-shone so much by thine;
And fill'd with rage, and envious despight,
Sent down a cloud t'eclipse so fair a light?
Or did the wiser Deities foresee
This likely danger; that when men should see
So bright a Lamp; fearing they should commit
Such sweet idolatry, benighted it?
Or did the too too carefull gods conspire
A good for man, transcending mans desire,
And knowing such an eye too bright for any,
Gave it a wound, lest it should wound too many?

If

If so they meant, they might have been more kind
To save that beauty, and have struck us blind.
Before the sound of his last breath was gone
(Her speech being marshal'd with a powerfull groan
Through the rude confluence, and amazed throng
Of her distracted thoughts) her feeble tongue
Wept forth these words: *Thus fleet, thus transitorie*
Is mans delight, and all that painted glorie,
Poor Earth can give; Nor wealth, nor bloud, nor beauty,
Can quit the debt, that necessary duty
They owe to Change *and* Time; *but like a flowre,*
They flourish now, and fade within an howre:
The world's compos'd of change, there's nothing stayes
At the same point, all alters, all decayes:
The world is like a Play, where every age
Concludes her Scene, and so departs the stage;
And when Times *hasty howre-glass is run,*
Change *strikes the* Epilogue, *and all the play is done.*
Who acts the King to day, by chance of lot,
Perchance to morrow begs, and blushes not:
Whose beauty was ador'd ore night, next morning
May find a face, like mine, not worth the scorning:
Look where we list, there's nothing to the eye
Seems truly constant, but Inconstancy.
Most dear Parthenia, (Argalus *repli'd*)
Had thy deceived eye but slept aside,
And look't upon thy Argalus *his breast;*
I know, I know, thy language had profest
Another faith: thy lips had ne'r let slie,
At unawares, so great an Heresie:
'Tis not the change of favour, that can change
My heart; nor Time, nor Fortune can estrange
My best affections, so for ever fixt
On thee, nothing but death can come betwixt
My soul and thine; If I had lov'd thy face,
Thy face alone; my fancie had given place,
Ere this, to fresh desires, and attended
Upon new fortunes; and the old had ended.
If I had lov'd thee, for thy heavenly eye,
I might have courted the bright Majesty

of

Of Titan: *if thy curious lips had snar'd*
My lick'rish thoughts, I might have soon prepar'd
A blushing Corral, *or some full ripe* Cherry,
And pleas'd my lips, until my lips were weary;
Or if the smoothness of thy whiter brow
Had charm'd mine eyes, and made my fancie bow
To outward objects, polisht Marble *might*
Have given as much content, as much delight;
In brief, had Argalus *his flatter'd eye*
Been pleas'd with beauties bare Epitomy,
Thy curious picture might have then suppli'd
My wants, more full, than all the world beside:
No, no; 'T was neither brow, nor lip, nor eye,
Nor any outward ex'lence urg'd me, why
To love Parthenia: *'t was thy better part,*
(Which mischief could not wrong,) surpris'd my heart.
Thy beauty was but like a Crystal case,
Through which, the Jewel of admired grace
Transparent was, whose hidden worth did make
Me love the Casket *for the Jewels sake:*
No, no, my well advised eye pierc'd in
Beyond the film; sunk deeper than the skin;
Else had I now been chang'd, and that firm duty
I ow my vows, had faded with thy beauty:
Nay, weep not my Parthenia; *let those tears*
Ne'r wail that loss, which a few after-years
Had claim'd as due; chear up, then hast forsaken
But that, which sickness would (perchance) have taken
With greater disadvantage; or else age,
That common evil, which art cannot assuage;
Beauty's but bare opinion: White *and* Red
Have no more priviledge, than what is bred
By humane fancy, which was ne'r confin'd
To certain bounds, but varies like the wind:
What one man likes, another disrespects;
And what a third most hates, a fourth affects:
The Negro's *eye thinks black beyond compare,*
And what would fright us most, they count most fair:
If then opinion be the touch, whereby
All beautie's tried; Parthenia, in my eye,

at-ſhines fair Helen, or who elſe ſhe be,
That is more rich in beauties wealth than ſhe.
Bear up: the ſovereignty of thy worth inſranches
Thy captive beauty; and thy virtue blanches
Theſe ſtains of fortune: Come, it matters not
What others think: A letter 's but a blot
To ſuch as cannot read; but, who have skill,
Can know the fair impreſſion of a quill,
From groſs and heedleſs blurs; and ſuch can think
No paper foul, that 's fairly writ with Ink:
What others hold a blemiſh in thy face,
My skilfull eyes read characters of grace:
What hinders then, but that without delay,
Triumph may celebrate our nuptial day?
She that hath onely virtue to her guide,
Though wanting beauty, is the faireſt bride.
A Bride? (ſaid ſhe) ſuch Brides as I, can have
No fitter bridal chamber than a grave:
Death is my Bridegroom; and to welcome Death,
My loyal heart ſhall plight a ſecond faith:
And when that day ſhall come, that joyfull day
Wherein tranſcendent pleaſures ſhall allay
The heat of all my ſorrows, and conjoyn
My pale-fac'd Bridegrooms lingring hand with mine,
Theſe Ceremonies and theſe Triumphs ſhall
Attend the day to grace that day withall.
Time with his empty Hower-glaſs ſhall lead
The triumph on, his winged hooſ ſhall tread
Slow paces; After him there ſhall enſue
The chaſte Diana with her Virgin crew,
All crown'd with Cypreſs garlands: after whom
In rank, th' impartial Deſtenies ſhall come:
Then in a ſable Chariot faintly drawn
With harneſt Virgins vail'd with pureſt lawn,
The Bride ſhall ſit; Deſpair and Grief ſhall ſtand
Like heartleſs Bridemaids upon either hand:
Upon the Chariot top, there ſhall be plac'd
The little winged god with arm unbrac'd,
And Bow unbent: his drooping wings muſt hide
His naked knees; his Quiver by his ſide

Muſt

Must be unarm'd, and either hand must hold
A Banner, *where with* Characters *of gold*
Shall be decipher'd (fit for every eye
To read that runs) Faith, Love, *and* Constancie.
Next after, Hope, *in a discoloured weed,*
Shall sadly march alone: A slender Reed
Shall guid her feeble steps, and in her hand
A broken Anchor *all besmear'd with sand.*
And after all, the Bridegroom *shall appear*
Like Joves Lieutenant, *and bring up the rear,*
He shall be mounted on a Coal black Steed,
His hand shall hold a Dart, *on which shall bleed*
A pierced heart, wherein a former wound
Which Cupids *Javelin enter'd, shall be found.*
When as these Triumphs shall adorn our feast,
Let Argalus *be my invited guest,*
And let him bid me nuptial Joy: *from whom*
I once expected all my joyes should come.

With that, as if his count'nance had thought go
To wear deaths colours; or as if his bloud
Had been employed to condole the smart
And torment of his poor afflicted heart,
He thus bespake: *Unhappiest of all men,*
Why do I live? is Death my Rival then?
Unequal chance! Had it been flesh and bloud,
I could have grapled, and (perchance) withstood
Some stout encounters: had an armed host
Of mortal Rivals *ventur'd to have crost*
My best desires; my Parthenias *eye*
Had given me power to make that army flie,
Like frighted Lambs before the Wolf: but thou,
Before whose presence all must stoop and bow
Their servile necks, what weapon shall I hold
Against thy hand that will not be control'd?
Great enemy: whose Kingdom's in the dust,
And darksome Caves: I know that thou art just;
Else had the gods ne'r trusted to thy hand
So great a priviledge, so large command
And Jurisdiction ore the lives of men,
To kill, and save even whom they please, and when:

suffer not Parthenia's *tempting tears*
move thy heart; let thy hard-hearted ears
deaf to all her sutes: If she profess
affection to thee, believe nothing less:
she's my betrothed Spouse, and Hymens *bands*
have firmly joyn'd our hearts, though not our hands:
there plighted faith, and Sacro-sanctious *vow*
hath given possession, dispossess not thou:
I must, and though her briny lips bewail
our grief with tears, let not those tears prevail.
Whom Heavens have joyn'd, thy hands may not disjoin,
I am Partheniaes, *and* Parthenia's *mine;*
Alas! we are but one; Then thou must either
refuse us both; or else, take both together.
My dear Parthenia, *let no cloudy passion*
of dull despair, molest thee; or unfashion
thy better thoughts, to make thy troubled mind
either forgetfull, or thy self unkind:
starve not my pining hopes with longer stay:
My love hath wings, and brooks no long delay;
it hovers up and down, and cannot rest,
Untill it light, and perch upon thy brest.
Torment not him, within these lingring fires,
That's rackt already on his own desires:
Seal and deliver as thy deed, that band,
Whereto thy promis'd faith hath set her hand:
And what our plighted hearts, and mutual vow
Have so long since begun, O finish now;
That our imperfect, and half pleasures may
Receive perfection by a marriage day.

Whereto, she thus: *Had the pleas'd gods above*
Forgiven my faults, and made me fit for Jove
To bless at large; Had all the powers of Heaven
(To boast the utmost of their bounty) given
As great addition to my slender fortune
As they could give, or covetous mind importune,
I vow to Heaven, and all those heavenly powers,
They should no sooner been made mine, but yours;
Nay had my fortunes staid but at the rate
They were; had I remained in that state

If

I was; (*although at best unworthy far*
Of such a peerlesse blessing as you are)
My dear acceptance should have fill'd my heart
As full of joyes, as now it is of smart;
But, as I am, let angry Jove *then vent*
On me his plagues, till all his plagues be spent:
And when I roar, let Heaven my pains deride,
When I match Argalus, *to such a Bride*:
Live happy Argalus, *let thy soul receive*
What blessings poor Parthenia *cannot have*:
Live happy: *May thy joyes be never done,*
But let one blessing draw another on:
O may thy better Angel watch and ward
Thy soul: *and pitch an everlasting guard*
About the portals of thy tender heart,
And showre down blessings where so'er thou art:
Let all thy joyes be as the moneth of May,
And all thy dayes be as a marriage day:
Let sorrow, sickness, and a troubled mind
Be strangers to thee; *let them never find*
Thy heart at home: *let Fortune still allot*
Such lawlesse guests to those that love thee not:
And let those blessings, which shall wanting be
To such as merit none, alight on thee.
That mutual faith, betwixt us that of late
Hath past, I give thee freedom to translate
Upon the merits of some fitter spouse;
I give thee leave, and freely quit thy vows:
I call the gods to witnesse, nothing shall
More bless my soul, no comfort can befall
More truly welcome to me, than to see
My Argalus (*what ere become of me*)
So linckt in wedlock, as shall most augment
His greater honour, and his true content.

With that, a sudden and tempestuous tide
Of tears orewhelm'd her language, and deni'd
A passage; but when passions flood was spent,
She thus proceeds: *You gods, if you are bent*
To act my Tragedie, n by do you wrong
Our patience so, to make the play so long?

Scenes are tedious; 'Gainst the rules of art,
dwell too long, too long upon one part.
brief, and take advantage of your odds,
simple maid amongst so many gods,
not be conquer'd yet? Conjoin your might,
send her Soul into eternal night,
lives too long a day: Ile not resist;
provided you strike home, strike where ye list.
curs'ed be that Day, wherein these eyes
first saw the light; let desp'rate souls devise
curse sufficient for it: Let the Sun
'r shine upon it; and what e'r's begun
pon that fatal day, let Heaven forbid it
ccess; if not t' ensnare the hand that did it.
hy was I born? Or, being born, O why
Did not my fonder Nurses Lullaby
(even whilst my lips were hanging on her breast)
ing her poor Babe to everlasting rest?
hen my infant-soul had never known
this world of grief, beneath whose weight I groan:
o, no, it had not; he that dies in 's prime,
Speeds a long business in a little time.

But *Argalus* (whose more extream desire,
Unapt to yield, like water-sprinkled fire,
Did blaze the more) impatient of denial,
Gave thus an on-set to a further trial:

Life of my soul; by whom, next Heaven, I breath:
Excepting whom, I have no friend but Death:
How can thy wishes ease my grief, or stand
My miserie in stead, when as thy hand,
And nothing but thy helping hand can give me
Relief, and yet refuses to relieve me?
Strange kind of charity, when being afflicted,
I find best wishes, yet am interdicted
Of those best wishes, and must be remov'd
From loves enjoyment; why? Because belov'd.
Alas! alas! how can my wishes be
A blessing to me, if unblest in thee?
Thy beauty 's gone, (thou sayest) why, let it go;
He loves but ill, that loves but for a show;

Thy

Thy beauty is supply'd in my affection,
That never yet was slave to a complexion.
Shall every day, wherein the earth does lack
The Sun's reflex, b'expell'd the Almanack?
Or shall thy over-curious steps forbear
A garden 'cause there be no roses there?
Or shall the Sun-set of Partheniaes *beauty*
Enforce my judgement to neglect that duty
The which my best advis'd affection ows
Her sacred virtue, and my solemn vows?
No, no; it lies not in the power of Fate
To make Parthenia *too unfortunate*
For Argalus *to love.*
It is as ease for Partheniaes *heart*
To prove less virtuous, as for me to start
From my firm faith: the flame that honours breath
Hath blown, nothing hath power to quench, but death;
Thou gav'st me leave to chuse a fitter Spouse,
And freedom to recal, to quit those vows
I took: who gave thee licence to dispence
With such false tongues, as offer violence
To plighted faith? Alas! thou canst not free
Thy self, much less hadst power to licence me.
Vows *can admit no change; they still persever*
Against all chance; they bind, they bind for ever:
A vow 's a holy *thing, no common breath:*
The limits of a vow is Heaven *and* Death:
A vow that 's past, is like a bird that 's flown
From out thy hand, can be recall'd by none;
It dies not, like a time-beguiling Jest,
As soon as vented; lives not in thy breast,
When uttered once, but is a sacred word
Straight entred in the strict and close Record
Of Heaven; it is not like a Juglers *knot,*
Or fast, or loose, as pleases us or not.
Since then thy vows can find no dispensation,
And may not be recal'd, recal thy passion;
Perform, perform what now it is too late,
T' unwish again, too soon to violate:

Seek not to quit, what Heaven denies to free:
Perform thy vows to Heaven, thy vows to me.
Thrice dearer than my soul, (she thus reply'd)
Had my own pampered fancie been the guid
To my affection, I had condescended
Ere this, to your request, which had befriended
My best desires too: I lov'd not thee
For my own pleasure in that base degree,
As gluttons do their diet, who dispense
With unwash't hands, (lest they should give offence
To their grip'd stomacks, when a minutes stay
Will make them curse occasion all the day)
I lov'd not so; my first desires did spring
From thy own worth; and as a sacred thing
I always view'd thee, whom my zeal commands
Me not prophane with these defiled hands:
'Tis true; performance is a debt we owe
To Vows, and nothing 's dearer than a vow;
Yet when the gods do ravish from our hand,
The means to keep it, 't is a countermand.
He that hath vow'd to sacrifice each day,
At Juno's altars bound, and must obey:
But if (being under vow) the gods do please
To strike him with a leprous disease,
Or foul infection; which is better now,
Prophane the Altar, or to break the vow?
The case is mine; where then the gods dispence,
We may be bold, yet tender no offence.
Admit it were an evil; 't is our best,
Of necessary ills to chuse the least.
The gods are good: the strict recognisance
Of vows, is onely taken to advance
The good of man; now if that good prove ill,
We may refuse, our vows intier still.
I vow a marriage; why? because I do
Entirely affect that man my Vows are to;
But if some foul disease should interpose
Betwixt our promis'd marriage, and our vows:
The strict performance of those vows must prove,
I wrong; and therefore love not, whom I love.

Then

Then urge no more: Let my denialbe
A pledge sufficient 't wixt my love and thee.
So ended she: But vehement desire
(That can be quencht with *No*, no more than fire
With oyl; and can submit to no condition)
Lends him new breath: Love makes a Rhetorician
He speaks; she answers: He, afresh, replies;
He stoutly sues; as stoutly she denies.
He begs in vain; and she denies in vain:
For she denies again; He begs again.
At last, both weary, he his suit adjourns;
For Lovers dayes are good, and bad by turns.
He bids farewel; as if the heart of either
Gave but one motion, they both sigh'd together.
She bids farewel; and yet she bids it so,
As if her farewel ended, if he go;
He bids farewel; but so, as if delay
Had promis'd better farewels to his stay.
She bids farewel, but holds his hand so fast,
As if that farewel had not been the last.
Both sigh'd, both wept, and both being heavy hearted
She bids farewel, he bids farewel, and parted.
So parted they: Now *Argalus* is gone;
And now *Parthenia*'s weeping all alone,
And like the widow'd turtle she bewails
The absence of her Mate: Passion prevails
Above her strength: Now her poor heart can tell
What's Heaven by wanting Heaven: and what's Hell
By her own torments: Sorrow now does play
The tyrants part, Affection must obey;
And like a weather-cock her various mind
Is chang'd and turn'd with every blast of wind.
In desp'rate language she deplores her state;
She fain would wish, but then she knows not what:
Resolves of this, of that, and then of neither,
She fain would flee: but then she knows not whither:
At length (consulting with the heart-less pair
Of ill advisers, Sorrow, and Despair)
Resolves, to take th' advantage of that night,
To steal away, and seek for death by flight:

A

A Pilgrims weed her liveleſs limbs addreſt
From head to foot: A thong of leather bleſt
Her waſted loins; her feeble feet were ſhod
With Sandals: In her hand a Pilgrims rod.
When as th' illuſtrious Sovereign of the Day
Had now begun his circuit, to ſurvay
His lower Kingdom, having newly lent
The upper world to *Cynthiaes* government,
Forth went *Parthenia*, and begins t' attend
The progreſs how, which onely death can end.
Go hapleſs Virgin! Fortune be thy guide,
And thine own virtues; and what elſe beſide,
That may be proſp'rous; may thy merits find
More happineſs, than thy diſtreſſed mind
Can hope: Live, and to after-ages prove
The great example of true *Faith*, and *Love*:
Gone, gone ſhe is; but whither ſhe is gone,
The gods, and fortune can reſolve alone:
Pardon my Quill, that is inforc't to ſtray
From a poor Lady, in an unknown way.
To number forth her weary ſteps, or tell
Thoſe obvious dangers, that ſo oft befell
Our poor *Parthenia* in her pilgrimage,
Or bring her miſeries on the open ſtage;
Her broken ſlumbers, her diſtracted care,
Her hourly fears and frights, her hungry fare;
Her daily perils, and her nightly ſcapes
From ravenous beaſts, and from attempted rapes,
Is not my task; who care not to incite,
My Readers paſſion to an appetite.
We leave *Parthenia* now; and our diſcourſe
Muſt caſt an eye, and bend her ſetled courſe
To *Argalus*. When *Argalus* (returning
To viſit his *Parthenia*, the next morning)
Perceived ſhe was fled, not knowing whither;
He makes no ſtay: Conſults not with the weather,
Stayes not to think, but claps his haſty knees
To his fleet Courſer, and away he flees:
His haſte enquires no way, (he needs not fear
To loſe the road, that goes he knows not where:)

One

One while he pricks upon the fruitfull plains;
And now, he gently slacks his prouder reins,
And climbs the barren hills: with fresh careers
He tries the right hand way; and then he veres
His course upon the left: One while he likes
This path, when by and by, his fancie strikes
Upon another track. Sometimes he roves
Among the Springs and solitarie Groves,
Where, on the tender barks of sundry trees,
H'engraves *Parthenias* name with his: then flees
To the wild champian: his proud Steed removes
The hopefull fallows with his horned hoves:
He baulks no way, rides over rock and Mountain,
When led by Fortune to *Diana*'s Fountain,
He straight dismounts his Steed, begins to quench
His thirsty lips; and after that, to drench
His fainting limbs, in that sweet stream, wherein
Partheniaes dainty fingers oft had bin.
The Fountain was upon a steep descent,
Whose gliding current nature gave a vent
Through a firm rock, which art (to make it known
To after-ages) wall'd and roofst with stone:
Above the Crystal Fountains head, was plac'd
Dianaes Image (though of late defac'd:)
Beneath, a rocky Cistern did retain
The water, sliding through the Cocks of *Cane*,
Whose curious Current the Worlds greater eye
Ne'r view'd, but in his mid day Majestie:
It was that Fountain, where in elder times
Poor *Coridon* compos'd his rural rimes,
And left them closely hid for his unkind,
And marble-hearted *Phillida* to find.
All rites perform'd, he re-amounts his Steed,
Redeems his loss of time with a new speed:
And with a fresh supply, his strength renews
His progress, God knows whither: He pursues
His vow'd adventure, brooking no delay,
And (with a mind as doubtfull as the way)
He journeys on; he left no course, unthonght:
No traveller, unask't; no place, unsought.

To make a Journal of each circumstance;
His change of fortunes, or each obvious chance
Befell his tedious travel: to relate
The brave attempt of this exploit, or that;
His rare atchievements, and their fair success,
His noble courage, in extream distress;
His desp'rate dangers, his deliverance:
His high esteem with men, which did inhance
His meanest actions to the throne of *Jove*:
And what he suffered for *Partheniaes* love,
Would make our volume endless, apt to try
The utmost patience of a studious eye:
All which, the bounty of a free conceit
May sooner reach to, then my pen relate.
But till bright *Cynthiaes* head had three times thrice
Repair'd her empty horns, and fill'd the eyes
Of gazing mortals with her globe of light,
This restless Lover ceas'd not, day and night
To wander, in a solitarie quest
For her, whose love had taught him to digest
The dregs of sorrow, and to count all joys
But follies, (weigh'd with her) at least, but toys.
It hapned now, that twice six moneths had run,
Since wandring *Argalus* had first begun
His toilsom progress; who, in vain, had spent
A year of howers, and yet no event,
When fortune brought him to a goodly seat,
(Wall'd round about with hills) yet not so great
As pleasant; and less curious to the sight,
Than strong, yet yielding even as much delight
As strength: whose onely out-side did declare
The Masters judgement, and the builders care.
Around the *Castle* Nature had laid out
The bounty of her treasure; round about
Well fenced Medows (fill'd with Summers pride)
Promis'd provision for the Winter tide:
Near which the neighb'ring hills (well stockt & stor'd
With milk-white flocks) did severally afford
Their fruitfull blessings, and deserv'd increase
To painfull Husbandry, the child of Peace:

It was *Kalanders* ſeat, who was the brother
Of loſt *Parthenises* late deceaſed Mother.
He was a Gentleman, whom vain ambition
Ne'r taught to undervalue the condition
Of private *Gentry*; who prefer'd the love
Of his reſpected neighbours, far above
The apiſh congies of th' unconſtant Court;
Ambitious of a good, not great report:
Beloved of his Prince, yet not depending
Upon his favours ſo, as to be tending
Upon his perſon: and, in brief, too ſtrong
Within himſelf, for fortunes hand to wrong:
Thither came wandring *Argalus*, and receiv'd
As great content, as one that was bereav'd
Of all his joyes, could take; or who would ſtrive
T' expreſs a welcom to the life, could give.
His richly furniſht Table more expreſt
A common bounty, than a curious feaſt;
Whereat the choice of precious wines were proffer'd
In liberal ſort; not urg'd, but freely offer'd:
The careſull ſervants did attend the room:
No need to bid them either go or come:
Each knew his place, his office, and could ſpy
His Maſters pleaſure in his Maſters eye.
But what can reliſh pleaſing to a taſte
That is diſtemper'd? Can a ſweet repaſt
Pleaſe a ſick palate? No, there 's no content
Can enter *Argalus*, whoſe ſoul is bent
To tire on his own thoughts: *Kalanders* love
(That other times would raviſh) cannot move
That fixed heart, which paſſion now incites
T' abjure all pleaſures, and forſwear delights.
It fortun'd, on a day, that dinner ending,
Kalander and his noble gueſts, intending
T' exchange their pleaſures in the open air,
A Meſſenger came in, and did repair
Unto *Kalander*, told him, that the end
Of his employment, was to recommend
A noble Lady to him (near alli'd
To fair Queen *Helen*) whoſe unskilfull guid

Had so misled, that she does make request,
This night, to be his bold, and unknown guest:
And by his help to be inform'd the way,
To find to morrow, what she lost to day.
Kalander (the extent of whose ambition
Was to express his bounteous disposition
Of a free heart, as glad of such occasion
To entertain) return'd the salutation
Of an unknown servant; and withall profest
A promis'd welcom to so fair a guest.
Forthwith *Kalander* and his noble friends,
(All but poor *Argalus*, who recommends
His thoughts to private uses, and confines
His secret fancie to his own designs)
Mounted their praunsing Steeds, to give a meeting
To his fair guest: they met, but at first greeting
Kalander stood amaz'd, (for he suppos'd
It was *Parthenia*) and thus his thoughts disclos'd:
Madam (said he) *if these mine aged eyes*
Retain that wonted strength, which age denies
To many of my years, I should be bold
(In viewing you) to say, I do behold
My Neece Partheniaes *face: Nor can I be*
Perswaded (by your leave) but you are she.
Thrice noble Sir (she thus repli'd) *your tongue*
(Perchance) hath done the fair Parthenia *wrong*
In your mistake, and too much honour'd me,
That (in my judgement) was more fit to be
Her foil, than picture; yet hath many an eye
Given the like sentence, she not being by;
Nay, more: I have been told that my own mother
Fail'd often to distinguish t' one from t' other.
Said then *Kalander*: *If my rash conceit*
Hath made a fault, mine error shall await
Upon your gracious pardon: I alone
Was not deceiv'd; for never any one
That view'd Partheniaes *visage, but would make*
As great an error by as great mistake.
But (Madam) for her sake, and for your own,
(Whose worth may challenge to it self alone,

More service than Kalander *can expreſs*)
Y' are truly welcom. Enter, and poſſeſs
This Caſtle *as your own; which can be bleſt*
In nothing, more, than in ſo fair a gueſt.
Whereto the Lady (entring) thus repli'd:
Let everlaſting joyes be multipli'd
Within theſe gentle gates, and let them ſtand
As laſting monuments in th' Arcadian *land*
Of rare and bounteous hoſpitality
To after times. Let ſtrangers paſſing by
Bleſs their ſucceeding heirs as ſhall deſcend
From ſuch a Lord, from ſuch a noble Friend.
When as a little reſpite had repair'd
Her weary limbs, which travel had impair'd,
The freeneſs of occaſion did preſent
New ſubjects to diſcourſe; wherein they ſpent
No little time: among the reſt, befell
Kalandar (often ſtopt with tears) to tell
Of *Argalus* and loſt *Parthenias* love,
Whoſe undiſſembled paſſion did move
A general grief; the more that they attended
To his ſad tale, the more they wiſht it ended.
Madam (ſaid he) *although your viſage be*
Like hers, yet may your fortunes disagree;
Poor girle: and as he ſpake that word, his eyes,
Let fall a tear. The Lady thus replies.
My ſoul doth ſuffer for Partheniaes *ſake:*
But tell me Sir, Did Argalus *forſake*
His poor Parthenia *whom he lov'd ſo dear?*
How hath he ſpent his days ere ſince? and where?
Madam (ſaid he) *when at their marriage day*
Drew near; miſchief, that now was bent to play
Upon the Stage her ſtudied maſter-prize,
With ugly leproſie did ſo diſguiſe
Her beauteous face, that ſhe became a terror
To her own ſelf: But Argalus *the mirror*
Of trueſt conſtancie, (whoſe loyal heart,
Not guided by his eyes, diſdain'd to ſtart
From his paſt vows) did in deſpight of fortune,
Purſue his fixt deſires, and importune

Th'

Th' intended marriage ne'rtheleſs; but ſhe
Whom reaſon now had taught to disagree
With her diſtracted thoughts, ſtands deaf and muſe,
And at the laſt, t' avoid his further ſute,
Not making any private to her flight,
She quits the houſe, and ſteals away by night:
But Madam, when as Argalus *perceiv'd*
That ſhe was fled; and being quite bereav'd
Of his loſt hope, poor Lover, he aſſayes
By toilſom pilgrimage to end his dayes,
Or find her out: Now 't twice ſix moneths have run
Their tedious courſes, ſince he firſt begun
His fruitleſs journey, ranging far and near,
Suffering as many ſorrows, as a year
Could lend; and made by the extreams of weather,
Unapt for travel; fortune brought him hither,
Where he as yet remains, till time ſhall make,
His waſted body fit to undertake
His diſcontinued progreſs, and renew
His great inqueſt for her, who at firſt view,
Madam, you ſeem'd to be.

So ſaid, the Lady, from whoſe tender eyes
Some drops did ſlide, whoſe heart did ſympathize
With both their ſorrows; ſaid, *And is there then*
Such unexpected conſtancie in men?
Moſt Noble Sir;
If the too raſh deſires of a ſtranger
May be diſpens'd withall without the danger
Of too great boldneſs, I ſhould make requeſt
To ſee this noble Lord, in whoſe rare breaſt
(By your report) more honour doth reſide,
Than in all Greece; *nay, all the world beſide:*
I have a meſſage to him: and am loath
To do it, were I not engag'd by oath.
Whereat *Kalander* not in breath, but action,
Applies himſelf to give a ſatisfaction
To her propounded wiſh: protraction waſte;
No time, but up to *Argalus* he haſtes:
Arg'lus comes down, and after ſalutation
Given and receiv'd, ſhe accoſts him on this faſhion:

My Noble Lord,

Whereas the loud resounding trump of Fame
Hath noys'd your worth, and glorifi'd your name
Above all others, let your goodness now
Make good that fair report; that I may know
By true experience, what my joyfull ear
Had but, as yet, the happiness to hear,
And if the frailty of a womans wit
May chance t' offend; be noble, and remit.
Then know (most noble Lord) my native place,
Is Corinth; *of the self-same bloud and race*
With fair Queen Hellen, *in whose Princely Court*
I had my birth, my breeding; to be short,
Thither, not many days ago, there came
Disguis'd and chang'd in all things but her name
The rare Parthenia, *so in shape transform'd*
In feature altered, and in face deform'd
That (in my judgement) all this Region could
Not shew a thing more ugly to behold.
Long was it ere her oft repeated vowes
And solemn protestations could rouze
My over-dull belief: till, at the last,
Some passages, that heretofore had past
In secret 'twixt Parthenia *and me,*
Gave full assurance 't could be none but she;
Abundant welcom (as a soul so sad
As mine, and hers, could give or take) she had:
So like we were in face, in speech, in growth,
That whosoever saw the one, saw both;
Yet were we not alike in our complexions
So much, as in our loves, in our affections:
One sorrow serv'd us both, and one relief
Could ease us both, but partners in one grief:
Much private time we jointly spent, and neither
Could find a true content, if not together.
The strange occurrents of her dire misfortune
She oft discourst, which strongly did importune
A world of tears from these suffused eyes,
The true partakers of her miseries.

And

And as she spake, the accent of her storie
Could always point upon th' eternal glorie
Of your rare constancie, which whoso'ere
In after-ages shall presume to hear,
And not admire, let him be proclaim'd
A rebel to all virtue, and (defam'd
In his best actions) let his leprous name
Or die dishonour'd, or survive with shame.
But ah! what Simples *can the hand of art*
Find out to stanch a lovers bleeding heart?
Or what (alas) can humane skill apply
To turn the course of loves Phlebotomy?
Love is a secret fire, inspir'd, and blown
By fate, which wanting hopes to feed upon,
Works on the very soul, and does torment
The universe of man: which being spent
And wasted in the conflict, often shrinks
Beneath the burthen: and so conquer'd, sinks:
All which your poor Parthenia *knew too well,*
Whose bed-rid hopes, not having power to quell
Th' imperious furie of extream despair,
She languisht, and not able to contrair
The will of her victorious passion; cried,
My dearest Argalus, *farewel, and died:*
My Lord, not long before her latest breath
Had freely paid the full arrears to death,
She call'd me to her; In her dying hand
She strained mine, whil'st in her eyes did stand
A showre of tears, unwept, and in mine ear
She whisp'red so, as all the room might hear.
Sister (said she) *(That title past between us*
Not undeserv'd; for, all that ever had seen us,
Mistook us so at least) the latest sand
Of my spent hower-glass is now at hand:
Those joyes, which Heaven appointed out for me,
I here bequeath to be possest by thee;
And when sweet death shall clarifie my thoughts,
And drain them from the dregs of all my faults,
Enjoy them thou, wherewith (being so refin'd
From all their drosse) full fraught thy constant mind:

And let thy prosp'rous voyage be addrest
To the fair port of Argalus *his brest,*
As whom the eye of noon did ne'r discover
So loyal, so renown'd, so rare a lover;
Cast anchor there; for by this dying breath,
Nothing can please my soul more after death,
And make my joyes more perfect, than to see
A marriage 'twixt my Argalus *and thee;*
This Ring, the pledge betwixt his heart and mine,
As freely as he gave me, I make thine:
With it unto thy faithfull heart I tender
My sacred vows: with it I here surrender
All right and title that I had or have
In such a blessing, as I now must leave;
Go to him, and conjure him in my name,
What love he bare to me, the very same
That he transfer on thee: take no denial,
Which granted, live thou happy, constant, loyal.
And as she spake that word, her voice did alter;
Her breath grew cold, her speech began to faulter:
Fain would she utter more, but her spent tongue
(Not able to go further) fail'd, and clung
To her dry roof. A while, as in a trance,
She lay, and, on a sudden, did advance
Her forced language to the height, and cried,
Farewell my dearest *Argalus*, and died.

And now, my Lord, although this office be
Unsuitable to my sex, and disagree
Too much, perchance with the too mean condition
Of my poor state, more like to find derision
Than satisfaction; yet my gracious Lord,
Extr'ordinarie merits do afford
Extr'ordinarie means, and can excuse
The breach of custom, or the common use:
Wherefore incited by the dear directions
Of dead Parthenia, *by mine own affections,*
And by the ex'lence of your high desert,
I here present you with a faithfull heart,
A heart, to you devoted; which assures
It self no happiness, but in being yours.

Pardon

Pardon my boldneſs, they that ſhall reprove
This, as a fault, reprove a fault in love:
And why ſhould cuſtom do our Sex that wrong,
To take away the priviledge of our tongue?
If nature give us freedom to affect,
Why then ſhould cuſtom bar us to detect
The gifts of nature? ſhe that is in pain,
Hath a ſufficient warrant to complain.
Then give me leave (my Lord) to re-inforce
A virgins ſuit, and (thinking ne'r the worſe
Of proffer'd love) let my deſires thrive,
And freely accept, what I ſo freely give.

So ending, ſilence did enlarge her ear,
(Prepar'd with quick attention) to hear
His gracious words: But *Argalus* whoſe paſſion
Had put his amorous Courtſhip out of faſhion,
Return'd no anſwer, till his trickling eyes
Had given an earneſt of ſuch obſequies,
As his adjourned ſorrow had intended
To do at full, and therefore recommended
To privacie; true grief abhors the light;
Who grieves without a witneſs grieves aright.

His paſſion thus ſuſpended for a while,
(And yet not ſo, but that it did recoil
Strong ſighs) he wip'd his tear-bedewed eyes,
And turning to the Lady, thus replies:

Madam,
Your no leſs rare, than noble favours ſhow
How much you merit, and how much I owe
Your great deſert, which claims more thankfulneſs,
Than ſuch a dearth of language can expreſs:
But moſt of all, I ſtand for ever bound
To that your goodneſs my Parthenia *found*
In her diſtreſs, for which reſpect (in duty
As I am ti'd) poor Argalus *ſhall repute ye*
The flower of noble courteſie, and proclaim
Your high deſervings. Lady, as I am,
A poor unhappy wretch, the very ſcorn
Of all proſperity, diſtreſt, forlorn,

Unworthy the least favour you can give,
I am your slave, your Bondsman will I live;
But for this weighty matter you propound,
Although I see how much it would redound
To my great happiness, yet Heaven knows
(Most exc'llent Lady) I cannot dispose
Of mine own thoughts, nor have I power to do
What else you needed not perswade me to;
For trust me, were this heart of mine, mine own,
To carve according to my pleasure, none
But you should challenge it; but while I live,
It is Partheniaes, *and not mine to give.*

Whereto she thus replies: *Most noble Sir,*
Death, that hath made divorce 'twixt you and her,
Hath now returned you your heart again,
Dissolv'd your vows, dislink't that sacred chain,
Which ty'd your souls: nay more, her dying breath
Bequeath'd your heart to me; which by her death
Is grown a debt that you are bound to pay:
Then know (my Lord) the longer you delay,
The longer time her soul is dispossest
(And by your means) of her desired rest.

Whereto the poor distressed *Argalus*
Pausing a while, return'd his answer thus.

Incomparable Lady,
When first of all, by Heavens divine directions,
We lov'd, we lik'd, we linkt our dear affections,
And with the solemn power of an oath,
In presence of the better gods, we both
Exchang'd our hearts: in witness of which thing,
I gave, and she received this dear Ring,
Which now you wear: by which she did resign
Her heart to me; for which, I gave her mine.
Now, Madam, by a mutual commerce,
My exchang'd heart is not mine own, but hers:
Which if it had the power to survive,
She being dead, what heart have I to give?
Or if that heart expired in her death,
What heart had she (poor Lady!) to bequeath?

Mr.

Madam, in her, began my dear affection;
In her it liv'd, in her it had perfection;
In her it joy'd, although but ill befriended
By fate; In her begun, in her it ended.
If I had lov'd, if I had onely lov'd
Partheniaes *beauty, I had soon been mov'd*
To moderate my sorrows, and to place
That love on you, that have Partheniaes *face;*
But 't was Partheniaes *self I lov'd, and love;*
Which as no time hath power to remove
From my first heart, so nothing can diminish,
No fortune can dissolve, no death can finish.
With mingled frowns and smiles she thus repli'd
Half in a rage, *And must I be deni'd?*
Are these the noble favours I expected?
To find disgrace? and go away rejected?
Most noble Lady, if my words (said he)
Suite not your expectation, let them be
Imputed to the miserie of my state,
Which makes my lips to speak they know not what;
Mistake not him, that onely studies how
With most advantage still to honour you.
Alas! what joyes I ever did receive
From fortune, 's *buried in* Partheniaes *grave,*
With whom, ere long, (nor are my hopes in vain)
I hope to meet, and never part again.
So said, with more than Eagle-winged haste,
She flew into his bosom, and imbrac'd
In her clos'd arms, his sorrow-wasted waste;
Surcharg'd with joy, she wept, not having power
To speak. Have you beheld an *April* shower
Send down fier hasty bubbles, and then stops,
Then storms afresh, through whose transparent drops
The unobscured Lamp of Heaven convayes
The brighter glorie of his refulgent rayes:
Even so, within her blushing cheeks reuided
A mixt aspect, 't wixt smiles and tears divided:
So even divided, no man could say, whether
She wept, or smil'd, she smil'd and wept together;

She held him fast, and like a fainting lover,
Whose passion now had licence to discover
Some words: *Since then thy heart is not for me,*
Take, take thy own Parthenia (said she)
Chear up my Argalus, *these words of mine*
Are thy Partheniaes, *as* Parthenia's *thine*;
Believe it (Love) *these are no false alarms,*
Thou hast thine own Parthenia *in thine arms.*
Like as a man whose hourly wants implore
Each meals relief, trudging from door to door,
That hears no dialect from churlish lips,
But news of Beadles, and their torturing whips,
Takes up (perchance) some unexpected treasure,
New lost; departs, and joyfull, beyond measure,
Is so transported, that he scarce believes
So great a truth, and what his eye perceives,
Not daring trust, but fears it is some vision,
Or flattering dream, deserving but derision,
So *Argalus* amazed at the news,
Fain would believe, but daring not abuse
His easie faith too soon; for fear his heart
Should surfet on conceit, he did impart
The truth unto his fancie by degrees:
Where stop't by passion, falling on his knees,
He thus began: *O you eternal powers*
That have the guidance of these souls of ours,
Who by your just prerogative can do
What is a sin for man to dive into:
Whose undiscover'd actions are too high
For thought: too deep for man t' inquire why:
Delude not these mine eyes with the false show
Of such a joy, as I must never know
But in a dream; or if a dream it be,
O let me never wake again, to see
My self deceiv'd, that am ordain'd t' enjoy
A real grief, and but a dreaming joy.
Much more he spake to this effect, which ended,
He blest himself, and (with a sigh) unbended
His aking knees; and rising from the ground,
He cast his rolling eyes about, and found

The room avoided, and himself alone;
The door half clos'd, and his *Parthenia* gone,
His new distemper'd passion grew extream:
I knew, I knew, (said he) *'t was but a dream;*
A minutes joy, a flash, a flattering bubble
Blown by the fancie, full of pleasing trouble;
Which waking breaks, and empties into air,
And breathes into my soul a fresh despair.
I knew 't was nothing but a golden dream,
Which (waking) *makes my wants the more extream:*
I knew 't was nothing but a dreaming joy,
A bliss, which (waking) *I should ne'r enjoy.*
My dear Parthenia *tell me, where, O where*
Art thou, that so delud'st mine eye, mine ear?
O that my wakened fancie had the might
To represent unto my real sight
What my deceived eyes behold, that I
Might surfet with excess of joy, and die.

With that, the fair *Parthenia* (whose desire
Was all this while, by fire, to draw out fire;
And by a well advised course to smother
The furie of one passion with another)
Stept in, and said, *Then* Argalus *take thou*
Thy true Parthenia: *thou dream'st not now;*
Behold this Ring, *whose Motto does impart*
The constancie of our divided heart:
Behold these eyes, that for thy sake have vented
A world of tears, unpiti'd, unlamented:
Behold this face, that had, of late, the power
To curse all beauty, yet it self secure:
Witness that Tapor, *whose prophetick snuff*
Was outed and revived with one puff:
And that my words may whet thy dull belief,
'T was I, that roar'd beneath the scourge of grief,
When thou didst curse the darkness for concealing
My face; and then the Tapor *for revealing*
So foul a face; 't was I, that, overcome
With violent despair, stood deaf and dumb
To all thy urg'd perswasions: it was I,
That in thy absence, did resolve to die

A wandring Pilgrim, trusting to be led
By Fortune, to my Death; and therefore fled:
But see! the powers above can work their ends,
In spight of mortals: and what man intends,
The Heavens dispose, and order the event:
For when my thoughts were desperately bent
To mine own ruin, I was led by fate
(Through dangers, now too tedious to relate)
To fair Queen Hellens Court, not knowing whither
My unadvised steps were guided. Thither
My Genius brought me; where, unknown to any,
I mourn'd in silence, though observ'd by many;
Reliev'd by none; at length they did acquaint
The fair Queen Hellen with my strange complaint;
Whose noble heart did truly sympathize
With mine, partaking in my miseries:
Who fill'd with pity, strongly did importune
The woful case of my disastrous fortune,
And never rested till she did inforce
These lips t' acquaint her with the whole discourse.
Which done, her gracious pleasure did command
Her own Chirurgion, to whose skilfull hand
She left my sad disease, who in the space
Of twice ten dayes, restor'd me to this face:
The cure perfected, straight she sent about
(Without my knowledge) to enquire out
That party, for whose sake I was contented
T' endure such grief with patience, unrepented;
Hoping (since by her means, and help of art
My face was cur'd) even so to cure my heart.
But when the welcome messenger return'd
The place of thy abode, O how my spirit burn'd
To kiss her hands, and so to leave the Court:
But she, (whose favours did transcend report
As much, as they exceeded my desert)
Detain'd me for a while, as loath to part
With her poor handmaid: till at last, pretending
A lovers haste, and freely apprehending
So just a cause of speed; she soon befriended
My best desires, and sent me thus attended:

When

Where (under a false mask) I laid this plot,
To see how soon my Argalus *had forgot*
His dead Parthenia; *but my blessed ear*
Hath heard, what few or none must hope to hear:
Now farewel sorrow, and let old despair
Go seek new breasts: let mischief never dare
Attempt our hearts: let Argalus *enjoy*
His true Parthenia; *let* Partheniaes *joy*
Revive in him; let each be blest in either,
And blest be Heaven, that brought us both together.

With that, the wel-nigh broken hearted lover,
Ravish'd with over joy, did thus discover
His long pent words: *And do these eyes once more*
Behold what their extream despair gave ore
To hope for? Do these wretched eyes attain
The happiness to see this face again?
And is there so much happiness yet left
For a broke heart, a heart that was bereft
Of power to enjoy, what Heaven had power to give?
Breathes my Parthenia? *Does* Parthenia *live?*

Who ever saw the Pole-affecting stone,
By hidden power, (a power as yet unknown
To our confin'd and darkned reason) draw
The neighbouring steel, which by the mutual law
Of Natures secret working, strives as much
To be attracted, till they join and touch;
Even so these greedy Lovers meet, and charms
Each other strongly in each others arms;
Even so they meet; and with unbounded measure
Of true content, and time-beguiling pleasure,
Enjoy each other with a world of kisses,
Sealing the Patent of true worldly blisses;
Where for a while I leave them to receive,
What pleasures new-met Lovers use to have.

Readers forbear, and let no wanton eye
Abuse our Scene: Let not the slander by
Corrupt our lines, or make an obscean gloss
Upon our sober Text, and mix his dross
With our refined Gold, extracting sower
From sweet; and poyson from so fair a flower.

Cor-

Correct your wandring thoughts; and do not fear
To think the best: Here is no *Tarquine* here;
No lustfull, no insatiate *Messaline*,
Who thought it gain sufficient to resign
An age of honour, for a night of pleasure;
Whose strength to endure lust, was the just measure
Of her adust desire: Ye need not fear
Our private Lovers, who esteem less dear
Their lives than honours, daring not to do
But what, unsham'd, the Sun may pry into.
If any itching ears desire to know
What secret conf'rence past betwixt these two;
To them my muse thus answers: *When your case*
Shall prove the like, she wills you to embrace
True honour, as these noble Lovers did,
And you shall know; Till then you are forbid
To enquire farther: Onely this she pleases
To let you understand, that loves diseases
Being throughly cured, by their meeting, they
Have once again prefixt a *Marriage day:*
Which that it might succeed with fairer fortune,
Readers, she moves your pleasures to importune
The better gods, *That they would please t' appay*
Their griefs with joy, and smile upon that day.

Argalus and *Parthenia.*

The third Book.

WHen ſturdy *Marches* ſtorms are over-blown,
And *Aprils* gentle ſhowers are ſlidden down,
To cloſe the wind-chapt Earth, ſucceeding *May*
Enters her moneth, whoſe early breaking day
Calls Ladies from their eaſie beds to view
Sweet *Maia*'s pride, and the diſcolour'd hiew
Of dewy-breſted *Flora* in her bower,
Where every hand hath leave to pick the flower
Her fancie likes: wherewith to be poſſeſt,
Until it fade, and wither in her breſt.
Now ſmooth-fac'd *Neptune*, with his gladder ſmiles
Viſits the banks of his beloved *Iles*:
Eolus calls in the winds, and bids them hold
Their full-mouth'd blaſts, that breathles are controld:
Each one retires, and ſhrinks into his ſeat,
And Sea-green *Triton* ſounds a ſhrill retreat:
And thus at length, our *Pinace* is paſt ore
The bar, and rides before the *Maiden-towr.*
Up, now in earneſt (voyagers) and ſtand ye
On your faint legs. Our *long-boat* ſtraight ſhall land ye.
Forget your travels now, and lead your eyes
From your paſt dangers, to your preſent prize:

You

You traffick not for toyes: The gods have set
No other price to things of price, but *sweat*.
Chear up; call home your hearts, and be advis'd,
Goods eas'ly purchas'd, are as eas'ly priz'd:
You traffick not for trifles, and your travel
Was not to compass the almighty gravel
Of th' *Indian Mines*, to ballast your estates;
'T was not for blasts of *Honour*, whose poor dates
Depend on regal smiles, and have no measures,
But Monarch's *wills*, expiring with their pleasures:
'T was not to conquer Kingdoms, or obtain
The dangerous title of a *Soveraign*:
These are poor things: It is but false discretion
To toil, where hopes are sweeter than possession:
No, we are bound upon more brave adventures,
True Honour, *Vertue*, *Beauty*, are the Centers
To which we point, whereto our thoughts do tend;
And Heaven hath brought our voyage to an end.
Hail noble *Argalus*; now the *Cockboat* stands
Secure; step forth; spread forth thy widened hands,
And take thy fairest *Bride* into thine arms:
Strike up (brave spirit) *Cupids* fresh alarms
Upon her melting lips: Take *Toll*, before
Thou set her dainty foot upon the shore;
So let her slide upon thy gentle breast,
And feel the ground: Then lead her to her rest.
Go Imps of honour, let the morning Sun
Gild your delights, and spend his beams upon
Your marriage Triumphs; let his Western light
Decline apace, and make an early night.
Go, *Turtles*, go, let treble joyes betide
The faithfull *Bridegroom*, and his fairest *Bride*:
Let your own vertues light you to your rest;
To morrow come we to your nuptial feast.
By this the curl'd-pate *Waggoner* of heaven
Had finisht his diurnal course, and driven
His panting Steeds a down the western *hill*,
When silver *Cynthia*, rising to fulfill
Her nightly course, lets fall an evening tear,
To see her brother leave the *Hemisphere*,

Which

Which by the air dispers'd, is early found
And call'd a *pearly dew*) upon the ground:
Still as the night, no language did molest
The waking ear; all mortals were at rest:
No breath of wind had power to provoke
The Aspine-leaf, or urge th' aspiring smoke;
Sweet was the air, and clear; no Star was hid;
No envious cloud was stirring, to forbid
The wild Astronomer to gaze, and look
Into the secrets of his spangled book;
Whilst round about, in each resounding grove,
As if the *Choristers* of night had strove
T' excel) the warbling *Philomele* compares,
And vies by turns her *Polypholian* airs.
And now the horn mouth'd *Belman* of the night
Had sent his midnight summons to invite
Nights ravenous rebels from their secret holds
To rome and visit the securer folds;
Whil'st drouzy *Morpheus* with his leaden keyes
Locks up the Shepherds eye-lids, and betrayes
The scatter'd flocks; which lie like sacrifices,
Expecting fire when the Sun-god rises.
By this the pale-fac'd *Empress* of the night
Had re-surrendred up her borrowed light,
And to the lower world she now retires,
Attended with her train of lesser fires,
And early *Hesper* shoots his golden head,
To usher *Titan* from his purple bed;
The gray-ey'd *Janitor* does now begin
To ope his Eastern portals, and let in
The new-born *Day*; who having lately hurld
The shades of night into the lower world,
The dewy cheek'd *Aurora* does unfold
Her purple curtains, all befring'd with Gold;
And from the pillow of his *Crocean* bed,
Don *Phœbus* rouzes his refulgent head;
That with his all-discerning eye survayes
And gilds the mountains with his morning rayes.
Now, now the wakefull *Bridegroom* (whose last night
Had made her shades too long) salutes the light,

Salutes

Salutes the welcome light, which now, at length,
Shall crown his heart with joys, beyond the stretch
Of mortal language, whose religious fires
Shall light those Lovers to their wisht desires.
Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptial weeds,
T' enjoy that joy, from whence all joy proceeds:
Enter those joys, from whence all joy proceeds:
Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptial weeds.
And thou fair *Bride*, more beauteous than the day
Thy day is come, and *Hymen* calls away;
Awake and rouze thee from thy downy slumber:
Thy *Day* is come: O may thy joys out-number
Thy minutes that are past, and to ensue;
Arise, and bid thy Maiden bed adieu;
Put on thy Nuptial robes, time calls away;
O may thy after-days be like this day.
By this, bright *Phœbus* with redoubled glorie,
Had half way mounted to the highest storie
Of his *Olympick Palace*: there to see
This long expected dayes solemnity:
When all on sudden, there was heard (around
From every quarter) the Majestick sound
Of many Trumpets: all, in consort running
One point of War, transcending far the cunning
Of mortal blasts; and, what did seem more strange,
The shrill-mouth'd musick did as sudden change
To *Dorick* strains, to sweet mollitious airs,
To *Lyrick* songs, and voices, like to theirs
That charm'd *Ulysses*: whilst th' amazed ear
Stood ravisht at these changes, it might hear
Those voices, (by degrees) transform'd to *Lutes*,
To *Shalms*, deep throated *Sackbuts*, and to *Flutes*,
And echo-forcing *Cornets*; which surpast
The art of man: this *Harmony* did last
Until the *Bridegroom* came: but all men wondred
To hear the noise: some thought the heaves had thund
To a new tune; and some more wiser ears (re
Conceiv'd it was the *Musick of the Spheares*:
All wondred, all men gaz'd, and all could hear;
But none knew whence the *Musick* was, or where.

Forth

Forthwith, as if a second *Sun* had roſe,
And ſtrove with greater brightneſs to depoſe
The glorie of the firſt, the *Bridegroom* came,
Usher'd along with Eagle winged *fame*,
Whoſe twice five hundred mouths did at one blaſt
Inſpire a thouſand *Trumpets*, as he paſt:
His Nuptial veſture was of Scarlet *Die*,
So deep, as it would dazle a weak eye
To gaze upon 't; to which, the curious Art
Of the laborious Needle did impart
So great a glorie, that you might behold
A riſing *Sun*, imboſt with pureſt gold:
From whence ten thouſand *trails* of gold came down
In waving points, like *Sun-beams* from that Sun:
Thus from his chamber midſt the vulgar croud
(Like *Titan* breaking through a gloomy cloud)
The long expected *Bridegroom* came, and paſt
Th' amazed multitude; till, at the laſt,
His Herauld brought him to the *Hall of ſtate*,
Where all th' *Arcadian* Nobles did await
To welcome his approach, and to diſcharge
The lower volley of their joys at large:
The Hall was ſpacious, lightſome, and beſtrow'd
With *Floraes* wealth, (a bounty that ſhe ow'd
This glorious feaſt) the walls were richly clad
With curious *Tap'ſtry* (ſuch as *Greece* ne'r had
Before that day) wherein you might behold,
Wrought to the life, in colour'd ſilk and gold,
This preſent ſtorie of theſe peerleſs Lovers,
Which like a ſilent Chronicle, diſcovers
The ſeveral paſſages that did befal
'Twixt their firſt meeting, and their Nuptial;
Devis'd and wrought by Virgins born in *Greece*,
Preſented to this *Triumph*, as a *Peece*
Devoted to the memorie and fame
Of *Argalus*, and his *Partheniaes* name;
No ſooner was the Ceremonie ended,
(Wherein each noble ſpirit more contended
T' expreſs affection, than affect the expreſſion
Of courtly *Rhet'rick*, in a bare profeſſion

Of

Of airy friendſhip) but a ſudden ſhout
Of rudely-mingled voices flew throughout
The ſpacious *Caſtle*, which confus'dly cri'd
Joy to *Parthenia*, *to the faireſt Bride*.
Forthwith (as if that Heaven had broken looſe,
And *Deities* had meant to interpoſe
Their heavenly bodies, with the mortal tribe
Of men; or elſe, intending to aſcribe
Their pers'nal honour to this Nuptiall)
In more than Princely ſtate enters the *Hall*
A glorious ſhow of Ladies, all array'd
In rare and coſtly robes, and richly laid
With Jems unvalued; and each Lady wore
A ſcarf upon her arm, embroidred ore
With *Gold* and *Pearl*; thus hand in hand they paſt
Into the *Hall*, but oft their eyes did caſt
A backward look, as if their thoughts did mind,
Some greater glorie, coming on behind:
Next after them, came in the *Virgin Crew*
In milk-white robes (Virgins that never knew
The ſacred myſt'ries of the marriage bed,
Nor, finding trouble in a *Maidenhead*,
Ere lent a thought to nuptial joyes till now)
Thus paſt theſe buds of Nature, two by two,
Their long diſhevelled treſſes dangled down
With careleſs Art, and on each head a crown
Of Golden *Lawrel* ſtood: their faces ſhrowded
Beneath a vail, ſeem'd as the ſtars were clouded.
Have ye beheld in froſty Winters even,
When all the leſſer twinkling *Lamps* of Heaven
Are fully kindled, how the ruddy face
Of riſing *Cynthia* looks? with what a grace
She views the throne of darkneſs, and aſpires
Th' *Olympick* brow, amidſt the ſmaller fires?
So after all theſe *ſparks* of beauty, came
(They were but ſparks to ſuch a glorious flame)
The fair *Parthenia*: Thus the roſe-cheek'd *Bride*
Enters the room; a milk-white *vail* did hide
Her bluſhing face, which ne'rtheleſs diſcloſes
Some glimps of red, like *Lawn* ore-ſpredding *Roſes*;

Thus entred she. The Garments that she wore
Were made of purple silk, bespangled ore
With *Stars* of purest Gold, and round about
Each several *Star* went, winding in and out,
A *trail* of Orient *Pearl*, so rarely wrought,
That as the garments mov'd, you would have thought
The *Stars* had twinkled; her dishevelled hair
Hung down behind, as if the onely care,
Had been to reconcile *neglect* and *art*,
Hung loosely down, and vail'd the backer part
Of those her Sky-resembling Robes; but so,
That every breath would wave it to and fro,
Like flying clouds, through which you might discover
Sometimes one glim'ring *Star*, sometimes another:
Thus on she went; her ample train supported
By thrice three Virgins, evenly siz'ed and sorted
In purple robes: forthwith, the *Bridegroom* rises
From off his chair; bows down and sacrifices
The peacefull offering of a morning kiss,
Upon her lips: *To such a* Saint *as this,*
O, what rebellious heart could chuse but bow,
And offer freely the perpetual vow
Of choice obedience?
With that, each Noble moves him from his place,
And with a posture, full of princely grace,
Salutes the lovely *Bride*, with words, expressing
The joyfull model of a Kingdoms blessing.
But hark! The *Hymenean Trumpet* sends
Her lateſt summons forth: *Hymen* attends
The noble pair, and is prepar'd to yoke;
Their promis'd hands; the sacred *Altars* smoke
With *Myrrh* and *Frankincense*, the ways are strow'd
With *Flora*'s pride; and the expecting crowd
Have throng'd the streets, and every greedy eye
Attends to see the *Triumph* passing by.
At length the gates flew open: on this fashion
Began the Triumph: first a *Proclamation*
Was made, with a loud voice: *If any be*
Or Lord, or Knight, or whatsoe'er degree.

Pro-

Professing Arms or Honour in the Land,
That at this time can challenge or pretend
A title to Partheniaes *heart, or claim*
A right, or interest in her love, or name;
Let him come forth in person; or appear
By noble Proxy, if not present here:
And by the exc'lent honour of a Knight,
He shall receive such honourable right
As the just sword can give; Let him now come
And speak, or else, for evermore be dumb.

Thrice was it read; wch done, forthwith there came
True honours Eagle-winged Herauld Fame,
Sounding a silver Trump; and as she past
She shook the Earths foundation with her blast:
Next after whom in undissembled state,
The *Bridegroom* came: on his right-hand did wait
The god of war in martial robes of green,
All stain'd with bleeding hearts, as they had been
But newly wounded, and from every wound
Fresh bloud did seem to trickle on the ground:
And as the Garments mov'd, each dying heart
Would seem to pant a while, and then depart:
Upon the *Bridegrooms* left hand there attended
Heavens Pursuivant, whose brawny arm extended
A winged *Caduce*; he had scarce the might
To curb his feet: his feet were wing'd for flight:
Above his head their hands did jointly hold
A Crimson *Canopy* emboss't with Gold.
Next them, twice twenty famous Nobles follow'd,
Brave men at arms, whose names the world had hallow'd
For rare exploits, and twice as many Knights,
Whose blouds had ransom'd, and redeem'd the rights
Of wronged Ladies: These were all aray'd
In robes of *Needle-work*, so rarely made,
That he which sees them, thinks he doth behold
Armours of steel, fair filletted with Gold;
And as they marcht, their *Squires* did advance
Before each Knight his warlike *Schield* and *Lance*.
And after these, the Princely *Virgin-bride*,
On whom all eyes were fastened, did divide

Her

Her gentle paces, being led between
Two *Godesses*, the one aray'd in green,
On which the curious needle undertook
To make a forest: here, a bubling brook
Divides two thickets: through the which doth flie
The single *Deer*, before the deep-mouth'd crie
That closely follows: there, th' affrighted Herd
Stands trembling at the musick, and afear'd
Of every shadow, gazes to and fro,
Not knowing where to stay, or where to go:
Where, in a *Landskip*, you may see the *Faunes*
Following their crying mothers ore the *Lawns*:
The other was in robes, the purer dye
Whereof, did represent the mid-day skie
Full of *black clouds*; through which, the glorious *beams*
Of the victorious *Sun* appears, and seems
As 't were to scatter; and at length, to shed
His brighter glorie, on a fruitfull bed
Of noisom weeds, from whence you might discern
A thousand painfull *Bees* extract, and earn
Their sweet provision: and, with laden thighs
To bear their waxy burthens: On this wise
The princely *Bride* was led betwixt these two:
The first, was she, that on *Aetcon's* brow
Reveng'd her naked chastity: the other
Was she, to whom *Jove's* pregnant brain was mother
Through *Vulcans* help; and these did jointly hold
Upon her head, a *Coronet* of Gold:
Whose train, *Diana's* Virgin-crew, all crown'd
With Golden wreathes, supported from the ground.
Next after her, upon the triumph waited
An order, by *Diana* new created,
And stil'd, *The Ladies of the Maidenhead*,
In white, wrought here and there with spots of red,
And every spot appeared as a stain
Of lovers bloud, whom their coy hearts had slain:
Rankt three and three, and on each head a Crown
Of *Primeroses*, and *Roses* not yet blown.
Next whom, the Beauties of th' *Arcadian* Court
March'd two and two, whose glorie came not short

Of what th' unlimited and ſtudied art
Of glory-vying Ladies could impart
To ſuch ſolemnities, where every one
Strove to excel, and to b' excell'd of none.
Thus came they to the *Temple*, where attended
The ſacred *Prieſts*, whoſe voices recommended
The days ſucceſs to Heaven, and did divide
A bleſſing 't wixt the *Bridegroom*, and the *Bride*;
Which done, and after low obeiſance made,
The firſt (while all the reſt kept ſilence) ſaid:

WVelcome to Juno's *ſacred Courts: Draw near;*
Unſpotted Lovers, welcome: do not fear
To touch his holy ground; paſs on ſecure;
Our gates ſtand open to ſuch gueſts, as you are:
Our gracious Godeſs grants you your deſires,
And hath accepted of thoſe holy fires
We offer'd in your name, and takes a pleaſure
To ſmell your Incenſe, *in ſo great a meaſure*
Of true delight, that we are bold to ſay,
She crowns your vows, and ſmiles upon this day.

So ſaid, they bowed to the ground, and bleſt
Themſelves; that done, they ſingled from the reſt
The noble *Bridegroom*, and his *Princely Bride*,
And ſaid, *Our gracious Godeſs be our guide,*
As we are yours: And as they ſpake that word,
Their well tun'd voices ſweetly did accord
With *Muſick* from the *Altar*: as along
They paſt, they gently warbled out this ſong:

THus in pomp and prieſtly pride,
To glorious Juno's Altar *go we;*
Thus to Juno's Altar, *ſhow we*
The noble Bridegroom *and his* Bride:
Let Juno's *hourly bleſſings ſend ye*
As much joy as can attend ye.

May theſe Lovers never want
True joys, nor ever beg in vain
Their choice deſires; but obtain
What they can wiſh, or ſhe can grant.

Let Juno's *hourly blessing send ye*
As much joy as can attend ye.

From satiety, from strife,
From jealousie, domestick jars,
From those blows that leave no scars,
Juno *protect your marriage life,*
Let Juno's *hourly blessing send ye.*
As much joy as can attend ye.

Thus to Hymens *sacred bands,*
We commend your chaste desertes,
That as Juno *link'd your hearts,*
So he would please to joyn your hands;
And let both their blessings send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.

No sooner was this Nuptial *Carol* ended,
But bowing to the ground, they recommended
This Princely pair (both prostrate on the floor)
And with their hands presented them before
The sacred *Altar*, whereunto they brought
Two milk-white *Turtles*; and with prayers, besought
That *Juno*'s lasting favours would descend,
And make their pleasures, pleasures without end.
With that a horrid crack of dreadfull thunder,
Possest each trembling heart with fear and wonder,
The rafters of the holy Temple shook,
As if accursed *Archimagoes* book
(That cursed Legion) had been newly read:
The grouud did tremble, and a mist ore-spread
The darkned *Altar*,
At length, deep sil[illegible]e did possess and fill
The spacious *Temple*: all was whist and still.
When, from the clouded *Altar*, brake the sound
Of heavenly *Musick*, such as would confound
With death, or ravishment, the earth-bred ear,
Had not the *Godesse* given it strength to bear
So strong a rapture. As the *Musick* ended,
The mist on sudden vanisht, and ascended

From whence it came. The *Altar* did appear,
And *ashes* lying, where the *Turtles* were:
Near which, great *Hymen* stood, not seen before;
His purple *Mantle* was embroidred ore
With *Crowns* of *Thorn*, 'mongst wch you might behold
Some, here and there, (but very few) of gold;
Upon each little space, that did divide
The several Crowns, a *Gordian* knot was tide;
And turning to the *Priest* he thus began:

VVhat mean these fumes? Say, what hath mortal man
To do with us? What great request? what suit
Does now attend us, that they thus salute
Our nostrils, with such acceptable savours?
Tell us, wherein do they implore the favours
Of the pleas'd gods? for by the eternal throne
And Majesty of Heaven, it shall be done.

Whereto, with bended knees, they thus replide;
Great god; this noble Bridegroom, and this Bride,
VVhom we, most humbly, here present before
Great Juno's *sacred* Altar, *do implore*
Your gracious aid; that with your nuptial bands
Your grace would please to tye their promis'd hands.

With that he straight descends the holy stairs,
And with his widened arms divides and shares
An equal blessing 't wixt them both, and said:

NOble Youth, and lovely Maid,
Heaven accepts your pleasing fires,
And hath granted your desires:
By the mystery of our power,
First, we consecrate this howe[illegible]
To Juno's *name, that she wou[illegible]less*
Our prosp'rous actions with success.
VVith this oyl (which we appoint
For holy uses) we anoint
Your temples, and with nuptial bands
Thus we firmly join your hands:
Be join'd for ever: and let none
Presume t' undo, what we have done;

Be

Be join'd till lawleſs Death *ſhall ſever*
Both hands and hearts: Be join'd for ever:
Eternal curſes we allot
To thoſe, till them, ſhall looſe this knot.
So ſaid, he bleſt them both in *Juno*'s name,
And from their ſight he vaniſht in a flame:
That done, they roſe, and with new Fumes ſaluted
The ſmoaking *Altar*: Thrice they proſtituded
Their bended bodies on the holy ground,
Where, ſending forth the well accepted ſound
Of *thanks* and *vows*, from their divided heart,
They kiſs the ſacred *Altar*, and depart;
And, with the ſelf-ſame *Triumph* as they came,
Return'd; whilſt the louder *Trump* of Fame
With a full blaſt ſends forth a ſhrill retreat,
And re-conducts them to the *Hall of State*,
Whoſe richlyſt furniſht table would invite
A bed-rid ſtomack to an appetite,
And make the waſtefull *glutton* that does eat
His unearn'd dyet with his daily ſweat,
Behold his heaven in a more ample meaſure,
Than he had hopes to purchaſe, with the treaſure
Of his beſt faith; ſuch were the dainties, ſuch
The viands, that I dare not think too much
To term it *Paradiſe*, where all things did
Offer themſelves, and nothing was forbid:
Soon as the *Marſhal* of this princely feaſt
Had in his rightfull ſeat, plac'd every gueſt,
A ſoft harmonious rapture did confine
All tongues with wonder, as a thing divine.
Forthwith, with joined hands and ſmiling faces,
With habits more unequal than their paces,
A jolly pair drew near the table; th' one
In green: His pamper'd body had out-grown
His ſeam-ript garments, all embroider'd over (ver
With ſpreading Vines, whoſe fruitfull leaves did co-
Their ſwelling Cluſters; his out-ſtrutting eyes
Star'd in his head: his dropſie-ſwollen thighes
Quagg'd as he went; his purple colour'd ſnout
Was deeply furniſht and enricht about

With *Carbuncles*; around his brows did twine
Full laden Clusters, ravisht from the *Vine*.
The other was a *Lady*, whom the Sun
With his bright rayes had too much gaz'd upon:
The colour of her silken mantle was
Twixt green and yellow, like the fading grass:
On which were wrought enclosed fields of corn,
Some reap'd, some bound in sheaves, & some unshorn:
Well favour'd was her countenance, plump & round;
Her golden Tresles dangled to the ground:
Her temples bound with full ripe ears of *Wheat*,
Wreath'd like a *Garland*: frequent drops of sweat
Down from her swarthy brows did slily trickle,
And in her Sun-burnt hand she bare a *sickle*.
Thus usher'd, with a *Bag-pipe* to the Table,
They both stood mute: *Bacchus* as yet unable
To challenge language from his breathless tongue,
Till smiling *Ceres* thus began the song.

*Welcome fairest Virgin-*Bride,
Welcome to our jolly feast:
Taste what Ceres *did provide*
For so fair, so fair a guest.

Bacch. *Taste what* Bacchus *did provide*
For so fair, so fair a guest:
*Welcome fairest Virgin-*Bride,
Welcome to our jolly feast.

Chor. *Our conjoyned bounties do*
Make Mars *smile, and* Venus *too.*

Ceres. *Welcome noble* Bridegroom *hither;*
Worlds of bliss, and joy attend ye:
Freely welcome both together,
See what Ceres *bounty sends ye.*

Bacch. *Freely welcome both together,*
See what Bacchus *bounty sends ye.*
Welcome noble Bridegroom *hither;*
Worlds of bliss, and joy attend ye.

Chor. *Our conjoyned bounties do*
Make Mars *smile, and* Venus *too.*

Ceres

Ceres. *Here is that, whose sweet variety*
Gives you pleasure and delight;
Makes you full without satiety;
Wastes the day, and hastes the night.

Bacch. *This will rouze the man of war*
When the drum shall beat in vain,
When his spirits drooping are,
This will make them rise again.

Chor. *You that jointly do inherit*
Venus *beauty*, Mars *his spirit*,
Freely taste our bounty; so
Mars *shall smile, and* Venus *too.*

The Song thus ended, joyning hands together,
They bow'd & vanisht, none knew how, nor whither.
To make relation of each quaint devise,
That art presented their unwearied eyes:
The nature of their mirth, of their discourse:
The dainties of the first, the second course:
The secret glances of the *Bridegooms* eye
On his fair *Bride*, how oft she blusht, and why,
Were but to rob the *Bridegroom* of his right,
Who counts each hour a Summers day till night.
Me thinks it grieves me, that my Pen should wrong
Poor Lovers disappointed hopes so long:
And it repents me so, that oftentimes
Me thinks I could be angry with my Rimes,
And for the cruel sins that they commit
In being tedious, some I wish unwrit:
Let it suffice, what glorie, what delight,
What state, or what to please the appetite,
The eye, the ear, the fancie: In a word,
What joy so short a season could afford
To well prepared hearts, was here expresst
In this our Nuptial, this our Princely feast.

Thus when the board was voided, and the *Sewer*
Had now resign'd his office with the *Ewer*,
The curious linnen gone; and all the rights
Perform'd, that long to festival delights:
The light-foot *Hermes* enters in the Hall,
Holds forth the *Caduce*, and adjures them all

To depth of silence; tells them, 't is his task
To let them know, the gods intend a Mask,
To grace these Nuptials; and with that he spred
His air-dividing pinions and fled.

The Mask of the gods.

When silence thus had charmed every ear
With wonder and attention, they might hear
The winged Quiristers of night, about
In every corner, sweetly warbling out
Their Philomelian *airs, and wilder note,*
Which nature taught them to divide by rote;
So that the Hall did seem a shady Grove,
Wherein by turns, th' ambitious Quire *strove*
T' excel themselves.
While thus their ears were feeding with delight
Upon these strains, the Godess of the night
Enters the Scene: *Her body was confin'd*
Within a coal black Mantle, *thorow lin'd*
With sable Furs: *her Tresses were of hiew*
Like Ebony, *on which a* Pearly *dew*
Hung, like a Spiders Web; her face did shroud
A swarth Complexion, *underneath a cloud*
Of black curld Cypress: *On her head, she wore*
A Crown *of burnisht* Gold, *beshaded ore*
With Fogs *and* Rory mist; *her hand did bear*
A Scepter *and a sable* Hemisphere:
She sternly shook her dewy locks, and brake
A melancholy *smile, and thus bespake;*

Drive on, drive on, (dull *Waggoner*) let slip
Your looser reins, and use thine idle whip,
Thy pamper'd *Steeds* are pursie, drive away,
The lower world thinks long to see the day:
Darkness befits us best; and our delight
Will relish far more sweeter in the night:
Approach (ye blessed *shadows*) and extend
Your early jurisdiction, and befriend
Our nightly sports: Approach, make no delay,
It is your Queen, your Sovereign calls away.
With that, a sudden darkness fill'd the Hall:
The light was banisht, and the windows all

So

So neerly clos'd their eye-lids round about,
That day could not get in, nor darkneſs out;
Thus while the death-reſembling ſhades of night
Had drawn their miſty Curtains 'twixt the light
And every darkned eye, which was deni'd
To ſee, but that, which darkneſs could not hide:
The jealous god, fearing he knows not whom,
(Indeed whom fears he not?) enters the room,
And with his club-foot groping in the ſhade
Of night, he mutter'd forth theſe words, and ſaid:
Where is this wanton *Harlot* now become? Vulcans ſpeech.
Is light ſo odious to her? or is home
So homely in her wandring eyes, that ſhe
Muſt ſtill be rambling, where unknown to me?
Can nothing be concluded, nothing done,
But intermedling *Venus* muſt be one?
Is't not enough that *Phœbus* does applaud
Her luſt, but muſt *Nights Goddeſs* be her baud?
Darkneſs be gone, thou patroneſs to luſt:
If fair means may not rid thee, fouler muſt,
Away; my power ſhall out-charm thy charms,
Ile find her panting in her lovers arms.
Enter you *lamplets* of terreſtrial fire,
And let your golden heads (at leaſt) conſpire,
To counterfeit a day, and on the night
Revenge the wrongs of *Phœbus* with your light.
So ſaid, the darkned Hall was garniſht round
With lighted Tapers: Every object found
An eye to own it, and each eye was fill'd
With pleaſure in the object it beheld.
As theſe deviſefull changes did incite
Their quickned fancies, with a freſh delight,
Morpheus *came in: His dreaming pace was ſo,*
That none could ſay he mov'd, he mov'd ſo ſlow:
His folded arms, athwart his breaſt, did knit
A ſluggards knot, his nodding chin did hit
Againſt his panting boſom, as he paſt:
And oftentimes his eyes were cloſed faſt:
He wore a crown of Poppy *on his head:*
And, in his hand, he bore a Mace of Lead:

He yawned thrice, and after homage done
To nights black Soveraign, he thus begun:

Great Empress of the world: To whom I ow *Morpheus speech.*
My self, my service, my perpetual vow:
Before the footstool of whose dreadfull throne
The Princes of this lower world lay down
Their *Crowns* and *Scepters*; whose victorious hand
In twice twelve hours did conquer and command
This globe of Earth, your servant (whose dependance
Q. ickens his power) comes to give attendance
Upon the early shadows, and to seise
Upon these wearied mortals, when you please
T' appoint; till then, your servant is at hand
To put in execution your command.
To whom the smiling Godess thus replide.

Morpheus, our pleasure is to set aside *The Goddess of the night speech.*
This night to mirth, and time-beguiling sports;
Our sleep-restraining business much imports
Your welcō absence, whilst our ears shal number
The flying hours; our mirth admits no slumber:
The word scarce ended, but the Queen of Love
Descended from her unseen seat, above:
In her fair hand she led her winged Son,
And like a full mouth'd tempest thus begun:

Disloyal *Sycophant*, Deaths bastard brother, *Venus speech to Morpheus.*
Accursed spaun, cast from as curs'd a mother:
That with thy base impostures rifiest man
Of half his dayes, of half that little span
Nature hath lent his life, that with thy wiles
Hugg'st him to death, betray'st him with thy smiles,
What mak'st thou here, and to usurp my right
Perfidious *Caitife*? *Venus* day is night:
Go to the frozen world, where mans desire
Is made of ice, and melts before the fire,
Yet ne'r the warmer: Go, and visit fools,
Or Phlegmatick old age, whose spirits cools
As quickly as their breath: Go, what have we
To do (dull *Morpheus*) with thy Mace, or thee
As leaden as thy Mace? Th' art made for nought,
But to still children, or to ease the thought

Of

rain-sick *Phranticks*; or, with joys to flatter
r slumbring souls, wch wak'd, find no such matter:
succour those, that vent by quick retail
ir wits, upon dear peny-worths of Ale:
narrow'd *Eunuchs*, whose adust desire
nts means to slake the furie of their false fire:
at I were a *Basiliske*, that I
ht dart my venome, or else venom'd die.
y, bend thy bow, and with thy forked dart,
wn to the head, thrill, thrill him to the heart:
ftie Deaths arrow, or if thou hast none,
Deaths name send an arrow of thine own:
are both wrong'd, and in the same degree:
ot then at once, revenge thy self and me.
With that the little angry God did bend
heelen bow, and in Deaths name did send
winged messenger, whose faithfull hast
atcht his irefull errand; and stuck fast
bin his pierced Liver, and did hide
singing feathers in his wounded side.
pheus fell down, as dead, and on the ground
for a little season in a swound,
ping for breath. And Lovers dreams (they say)
e evermore been wanton since that day:
was pleas'd: The Goddesse of the night
r angrie; she would needs resign her right
governments, and in a spleen threw down
r Hemisphere, *her* Scepter, *and her* Crown:
d, with a dusky fog, she did besmear
e face of Venus, *soil'd her golden hair*
ith her black shades, and with foul terms revil'd
h her, her cuckold mate, and bastard child:
hereat the God of War, *being much offended,*
sook both seat and patience, and descended:
d, to the world, be proffer'd to make good
r Venus *honour, with his dearest bloud:*
whom poor Vulcan (*puffing in a rage,*
bear his well known fortune on the stage)
rull'd many a thank: and with his crouching knee
ftil true love to such true friends as he.

And

And ever since, experience let us know,
Cuckolds are kind to such as make them so.
By this god Morpheus *waking from his swound,*
Began to groan: and from his aking wound
Drew forth the buried shaft: but Mars *(whose word*
Admits no other second, but his sword)
Unsheath'd his furious brandiron, and let flie
A blow at Morpheus *head, which had well-nie*
Cloven him in twain, had not the Queen of night
Hurl'd hastie mists before his darkned sight:
So that the sword, by a false guided aim,
Struck Vulcans *foot,* which ever since was lame:
At last the gods came down, and thought it good
To nip this early quarrel in the bud:
Who fearing uproars, with a friendly cup
Of blest Nepenthe, *took the quarrel up:*
And, for th' offence committed, did proclaim
This sentence in offended Juno's *name.*
Morpheus from hence is banisht, for this night,
And not t' approch before the morning light:
Mars is exil'd for ever, as a guest
Adjudg'd unfitting for a marriage feast.
Cupid is doom'd to rome and rove about
To the worlds end, and both his eyes put out.
Venus is censur'd to perpetual night,
And not (unless by stealth) to see the light:
Her chiefest joy to be but pleasing folly,
Perform'd with *madness*, dog'd with *melancholy*.

And here the Musick did invite their paces
To measure time, and by exchange of places
To lead the curious beholders eye
A willing captive to variety.
Thus, with the sweet vicissitude of mirth
They spent the time, as if that Heaven and Earth
Had studied to please man, in such a measure,
That Art could not do more t' augment their pleasure:
And so they vanisht.

Now *Ceres* Evening bounty re-invites
Her noble guests, to her renew'd delights:

And frolick *Bacchus*, to refresh their souls
With a full hand, presents his swelling Bowls.
Wine came unwisht, like water from a source:
And delicates were mingled with discourse:
What *art* could do to make a welcome guest,
Was liberally presented at that feast.

It was no sooner ended, but appears
An old gray Pilgrim deeply struck in years,
In tatter'd garments: In his wrinkled hand
An hour-glass, labouring with her latest sand;
Beneath his arm, a buffen Knapsack hung
Stuff full of writings in an unknown tongue,
Chronologies, out dated *Almanacks*,
And *Patents*, that had long surviv'd their wax:
Unto his shoulders *Eagle wings* were joyn'd:
His head ill thatcht before, but bald behind:
And leaning on his crooked *Sythe*, he made
A little pause, and after that, he said:

Mortals 't is out, my glass is run,
And with it the day is done:
Dark shadows have expell'd the light,
And my glass is turn'd for night:
The Queen of darkness bids me say,
Mirth is fitter for the day:
Upon the day, such joyes attend,
With the day such joyes must end.
Think not, Darkness goes about,
Like death, to puff your pleasures out:
No, no, she'l lend you new delights,
She hath pleasures for the nights.
When as her shadows shall benight ye,
She hath what shall still delight ye:
Aged Time shall make it known,
She hath dainties of her own:
'T is very late, away, away,
Let day sports expire with day:
For this time we adjourn your feast:
The Bridegroom fain would be at rest:
And if the night-pastimes displease ye.
Day will quickly come, and ease ye.

With

With that, a sweet vermilian tincture stain'd
The *Brides* fair cheeks: The more that she restrain'd
Her blush, the more her disobedient bloud
Did overflow; as if a second flood
Had meant to rise, and, for a little space,
To drown that world of beauty in her face:
She blusht; (but knew not why) and like the *Moon*,
She look'd most red, upon her going down.
But see: The smiling Ladies do begin
To joyn their whispring heads, as there had been
A plot of treason: till at length, unspide,
They stole away th' unwilling-willing *Bride*:
Their busie hands unrob'd her, and so led
The timorous Virgin to her *Nuptial* bed.
By this, the *Nobles* having recommended
Their tongues to silence, their discourse being ended
They look'd about, and thinking to have done
Their service to the *Bride*, the *Bride* was gone:
And now the *Bridegroom* (unto whom delay
Seem'd worse than death) could brook no longer stay:
Attended by his noble guests, he enters
That room, where th' enterchangeable *Indentures*
Of deerest love, lay ready to be seal'd
With mutual pleasures not to be reveal'd.
His garments grew too tedious, and their waight
(Not able to be born) do over-fraight
His weary shoulders: *Atlas* never stoopt
Beneath a greater burthen, and not droopt:
No help was wanting, for he did receive
What sudden aid he could expect, or have
From speedy hands, from hands that did not waste
The time; unless (perchance) by over-haste:
Mean while, a dainty warbling breast, not strong,
As sweet, presents this *Epithalmion* song.

Man of war, march bravely on,
The field's not easie to be won:
There's no danger in that war,
Where lips both swords and bucklers are.
Here's no cold to chill thee,

A bed of down's thy field:
Here's no sword to kill thee,
Unless thou please to yield.
Here is nothing will incumber,
Here will be no fears to number.
These be wars of Cupids *making,*
These be wars will keep you waking,
Till the early breaking day
Call your forces hence, away,
These be wars that make no spoil,
Death *here shoots his shafts in vain:*
Though the souldiers get a foil,
He will rouze and fight again.
These be wars that never cease,
But conclude a mutual peace.
Let benign and prosperous stars,
Breath success upon these wars,
And when thrice three moneths be run,
Be thou a father of a son:
A son that may derive from thee
The honour of true merit,
And may to ages, yet to be,
Convey thy bloud, thy spirit:
Making the glorie of his fame
Perpetuate, and crown thy name,
And give it life in spight of death,
When Fame shall want both trump and breath.

Have you beheld in a fair Summers Even
The golden headed Charrioter of Heaven,
With what a speed his prouder reins do bend
His panting horses to their journeys end?
How red he looks, with what a swift carear
He hurries to the lower Hemisphear,
And in a moment shoots his golden-head
Upon the pillow of blushing *Thetis* bed:
Even so the Bridegroom (whose desire had wings
More swift than Time, switcht on with pleasure)
Into his Nuptial bed; and look how fast (springs
The stooping Faulcon clips, and with what haste

Her

Her talons seize upon the timorous prey,
Even so his arms (impatient of delay)
His circling arms embrac'd his blushing Bride,
While she (poor soul) lay trembling by his side.
The Bridegroom now grows weary of his guests,
What mirth of late was pleasing, now molests
His tired patience: Too much sweet offends:
Sometimes to be forsaken of our friends,
In *Cupids* morals, is observ'd to be
The fruits of friendship, in the best degree.
And thus at last, the curtains being clos'd,
They left them, each in others arms repos'd.
And here my Muse bids draw our curtains too,
'T is unfit to see what private Lovers do:
Reader, let not thy thoughts grow over rank,
But vail thy understanding with a Blank,
Think not on what thou think'st: and, if thou canst,
Yet understand not what thou understandst.
Sow not thy fruitfull heart with so poor seeds:
Or if, perchance (unsown) they spring like weeds,
Use them like weeds, thou knowst not how to kill:
Slight them, and let them thrive against thy will:
View them like evils, that Art cannot prevent,
But see thou take no pleasure in their scent.
And one thing more: When as the morning light
Shall bring the bashfull Bride into thy sight,
Be not too cruel: Let no wanton eye
Disturb, and wrong her conscious modestie:
And if she blush, examine not for what:
Nay, though thou see it (Reader) see it not.
And shall our storie discontinue here?
Or want a period, till another year?
Shall we befriend these Lovers, with the night,
And leave them buried in their own delight,
And so conclude? No, it shall ne'r be said,
That marriage joys end in the marriage bed:
Fond and adulterate is that love, which founds
Her happiness on such unstable grounds:
And, like a sudden blaze, it never lasts,
But as the pleasure waxes cold, it wasts.

Now

Now *Argalus* awakes, and now the light
Is even as welcom to him as the night:
His eyes are fixt upon his lovely Bride,
Whiles she lies sweetly slumbring by his side:
She sleeps, he views her: Thrice his mind was bent
To call *Parthenia*, and thrice it did repent:
Sometimes his lips, with a stoln kiss would greet
Her guiltless lips: (*They say stoln goods are sweet*)
At length, she wakes, and hides her blushing cheeks
In his warm bosom, where she safely seeks
For *Sanctuary*, whereunto should fly
The guilt of her protected modesty:
He smiles, and whispers in her deafned ear;
(*Woman can understand, and yet not hear*)
He speaks, but she (even whilst his lips were breaking
Their words) with hers, did stop his lips frō speaking.
When thrice three Suns had now almost out-worn
The rare solemnities that did adorn
These Princely *Nuptials*, and had made report,
Grow something sparing in th' *Arcadian* Court,
The *Bridegroom* whose endevours were addrest,
To practice what might please his fair *Bride* best,
Resolv'd to leave *Kalanders* house, and crown
Parthenia sole Commandress of her own:
Long was it ere *Kalanders* liberal ear
Could be unlockt; it had no power to hear
The word farewel: Still *Argalus* intreated,
And fram'd excuses; which he soon defeated.
But as the stout *Alcides* did cashiere
One rising head, another would appear:
Even so, whilst his ingenuous love did smother
One cause of parting he would find another.
Kalander thus at last, (being over-wrought
With words, which importunity had taught
Inexorable *Argalus*) was fain
To yield, what he so long gain-said, in vain.
'T is now concluded, *Argalus* must go,
But yet *Kalander* must not leave them so:
There is no parting, till the aged sire
Shall warm his fingers by *Parthenias* fire.

Par-

Parthenia ſues, *Kalandar* muſt not reſt,
Till he become *Partheniaes* promis'd gueſt.
The morrow next, when *Titans* early ray
Had given fair earneſt of a fairer day:
And, with his trembling beams, had repoſſeſt
The eyes of mortals, newly rouz'd from reſt,
They left *Kalandars* Caſtle; and that night
Arriv'd they at the *Palace of delight:*
(For ſo 't was call'd) it was a goodly ſeat,
Well choſen; not capacious, as neat:
Yet was it large enough to entertain
A potent Prince, with all his Princely train:
It ſeem'd a Center to a Park, well ſtor'd
With Deer, whoſe well-thriven bounty did afford
Continual pleaſure and delight; nay, what
That Earth calls good, this Seat afforded not?
Th' impatient Faulkner here may learn to ſay
Forgotten prayers, and bleſs him every day.
The patient Angler, here, may tire his with,
And (if he pleaſe) may ſwear, and yet catch fiſh.
The ſneaking Fowler may go boldly on,
And ne'r want ſport untill his powder 's done:
And to conclude, there was no ſtint, no meaſure
To th' old mans profit, or the young mans pleaſure:
Thither this night the Nuptial troup is gone:
And now *Parthenia*'s welcom to her own:
But would you hear what entertainment paſt?
Conceive it rather; for my quil would waſt
Th' unthriving ſtock of my beſpoken time,
While ſuch free bounty cannot ſtand with rime:
But that which moſt did ſeaſon, and imbelliſh
Their choice delights, and gave the trueſt relliſh
To their beſt mirth, and pleaſures; was, to ſee
With what a ſweet conjugal harmonie
All things were carried: Every word did prove
To adde ſome acquiſition to their love:
So one they were, that none could juſtly ſay,
Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey:
He rul'd, becauſe ſhe would obey; and ſhe,
In thus obeying, rul'd as well as he:

What

hat pleaſed him, would need no other cauſe
pleaſe her too, but onely his applauſe;
happy pair, whoſe double life, but one:
ade one life double, and the ſingle, none.
Thus when th' unconſtant Lady of the night
d chang'd her ſharpned horns, for an orb of light:
landar (whoſe occaſions grew too ſtrong,
nd may not be diſpens'd withall too long)
kes leave, and (being equal heavy hearted
ith ſad *Parthenia* for his haſte) departed:
t *Argalus* (who never yet could own
mſelf with more advantage than alone,
nd fair *Parthenia* (whoſe well-pleaſed deſire
opes nothing elſe, if *Argalus* be by her)
eed not the help of any to augment
he better joys of their retir'd content:
ometimes the curious Garden would invite
heir gentle paces to her proud delight: (pleaſure,
ometimes the well-ſtor'd Park would change their
nd tender to her view, their light-foot treaſure:
Where th' unmoleſted Herd would ſeem to ſtand,
And crave a death at fair *Partheniaes* hand:
Sometimes her ſteps would climb th' ambitious *Tower*,
From whoſe aſpiring top they might diſcover
A little Common-wealth of Land, which none
But *Argalus*, durſt challenge as his own:
Sometimes (for change of pleaſure) he would read
Selected ſtories, whilſt her ears would feed
Upon his lips, and now and than a kiſs
Would interpoſe like a *parentheſis*,
Between their ſemicircled arms, inclos'd:
(O what dull ſpirit could be indiſpos'd
To read ſuch lines!) and whilſt upon the book
His eyes were fix'd, her pleaſed eyes would look
Upon the gracefull Reader, and eſpie
A ſtorie far more pleaſing, in his eye.
Upon a day as they were cloſely ſeated,
Her ears attending, whilſt his lips repated
A ſtorie, treating the renown'd adventures
And famous acts of great *Alcides*; enters

A *Messenger*, whose countenance did bewray
A haste too serious to admit delay;
His hand presents him Letters, which did bring
Their sealed errand from th' *Arcadian* King;
Whereat *Parthenia* rose, and stept aside:
Her thoughts were troubled; ever as she ey'd
The messenger, her colour comes and goes:
Parthenia fears; and yet *Parthenia* knows
Not what to fear: Her jealous heart knows how
To fear an evil, because it fears to know:
And as he read the lines, her eye was fixt
Upon his eye, which seem'd to strive betwixt
A thousand thwarting passions: Once he cast
His eyes on her, and finding hers so fast
On his, he blusht, she blusht, both blusht together,
Because they blusht for what, unknown to either.
The Letter being read, (and having kist
Basilius name) he speedily dismist
The Messenger, with promise to obey
Basilius just commands without delay:
That done, he took *Parthenia* by the hand,
His dear *Parthenia*, by the trembling hand:
And to her greedy eye he straight presents
The paper; ballac'd with its sad contents:
Parthenia, with a fearfull slowness took it:
And with a fearfull haste did overlook it:
Her face being blanched with the pallid signs
Of what she fear'd too soon, she read these lines.

Basilius Rex.

WHereas the famous and victorious name
Of great Amphialus, *makes the trump of Fame*
Breath nothing but his conquests, and renown:
Whose lawless actions fortune strives to crown
(In spight of justice) with a victours merit,
Respecting more the greatness of his spirit,
Than justness of his cause; to the dishonour
Of vertue, and all such as wait upon her.
And furthermore: whereas his power is known
T' oppugn the welfare of our State *and* Crown.

With

ith strong rebellion, to the high advancement
is disloyal glorie, and inhancement
is perfidious name, the great increase
ctions, and disturbance of our peace:
wise, whereas his high prevailing hand
ainst the force whereof no flesh can stand)
ld ne'r be equal'd yet, much less orecome:
with loud triumph, still does carry home
spoils of our lost honour, to the fame
is rebellious glorie, and our shame:
e therefore in our princely care perpending
serious premisses, and much depending
your known courage, have selected you
stand our Champion *Royal, and renew*
wasted honour, with your sword and lance
equal Duel: *Thus you shall advance*
glorious pitch of your renowned name
ith the brave purchase of eternal fame:
this you shall revive our dying glorie,
d live the subject of this ages storie,
Which shall be read till time shall have an end)
d tie Basilius *your perpetual friend.*

To our right trusty and noble Kinsman *Argalus.*

t as she read, her tears did trickle down
pon the lines, as if they meant to drown
h' unwelcom message, and at length, she said,
Ah me (my Argalus*) was't this you made*
ch haste to answer? did that answer need
be returned with so great a speed?
as you, O can you be so quickly won
leave your poor Parthenia, *and be gone?*
To whom resolved *Argalus* (whose eye
Was fixt upon his honour) made reply,
dear Parthenia, *were it to obtain*
e unsumm'd wealth of Pluto; *or to gain*
e Sovereignty of the Earth without expence
f blood or sweat, without the least pretence
f danger, my ambition would despise
e easie conquest of so great a prize,

If

If purchas'd by thy discontent, or by
The poorest tear that trickles from thine eye.
But to recal my promise, or forsake
That resolution honour bids me make
In this behalf, or to betray that trust
Repos'd in me, the gods would be unjust,
(And not themselves) if they should but command
Or urge me, with an over-swaying hand:
My dear Parthenia; *Let no false suggestion*
Abuse thy passion, or presume to question
My dearest love, though honour bids us part,
Yet honour cannot rob thee of my heart:
Honour, that calls me with her loud alarms,
I Will bring me back with Triumph *to thine arms.*
So said, the sad *Parthenia* (whose tears
Are turn'd *Lieutenants* to her tongue) forbears
To tempt her language: *Griefs that are but small*
Can speak, when great ones cannot vent at all:
But tender-hearted *Argalus* (to whom
Such silence speaks too loud) forsook the room:
And, with a breast, as full of pensive care,
As honour, gave directions to prepare
His warlike *Steed*, his Martial *attire*,
And all things, such imployment does require.
And here, O thou, thou great supream Protectress
Of bolder spirits, and the sole directress
Of lofty flying quills, which shall derive
To after-times, what glorious swords atchieve:
And mak'st the actions of heroick spirits
Perpetuate, and crown their names, their merits:
Illustrious Clio: *aid me and inspire*
My ragged rimes, with thy diviner fire:
Teach me to raise my stile, and to attain
A pitch, that may transcend the vulgar strain:
Reach me a quill, rent from an Eagles wing:
And let my ink be blood: that I may sing
Death to the life: let him that reads, expound,
Each dash, a sword, and every word a wound.
By this, the *Champion Royal* had put on
His martial weeds: but hasting to be gone,

Th

The poor *Parthenia*, whose cold fit past
(Like those in agues) now does burn as fast:
She leaves the lonely room, and coming out
She finds her *Argalus*, enclos'd about
With glittering walls of steel: apparel'd round
In his bright arms (whom she had rather found
Lockt up in hers) and wanting nothing now
But what her lips could not (poor soul) allow
Without a sea of tears, her last farewell,
She ran unto him, wept, and weeping fell
Upon her knees, she clasp't him by the arm,
And looking up, she thus began to charm:
My Argalus, *my* Argalus, *my* dear:
And wilt thou go and leave Parthenia *here?*
Wilt thou forsake me then? and can these tears
Not intercede betwixt thy deafned ears
And my sad suit? Canst thou, O canst thou go
And leave thy poor distrest Parthenia *so?*
Parthenia *sues*, Parthenia *does implore*,
Parthenia *begs, that never beg'd before:*
Remember, O remember you are, now,
Under the power of a sacred vow:
Honour must stoop to vows, which once being crackt
You cannot do an honourable act:
I have a right unto you; you are mine:
I have that interest which Ile ne'r resign
Till death: Ile never hazard to forego
My whole estate of happiness, at one throw:
No, no, I will not: I will hold thee fast
In spight of Honour, and her nine dayes blast:
Your former acts have given sufficient proof
To the wide world; your valour's known enough
Without a farther trial; there's enow
To lose their lives (less worthy) besides you:
'T was then a time for arms, when you had none,
None other left to venture, but your own:
Excuse me then, that onely do endeavour
To hold mine own, which now I must, or never:
Mine, mine you are, and you can undertake
No danger, but Parthenia *must partake:*

Shall

Shall your Parthenia *be indanger'd then?*
Parthenia *shall be present, even when*
The strokes fall thickest; and Parthenia *shall*
Suffer what ere to Argalus *may befall:*
Parthenia, *in your greatest pain, shall smart;*
Your blood shall trickle from Parthenia's *heart.*
Can prayers obtain no place? by this dear hand,
The sacred pledge of our conjugal band,
By all the pleasures of our dearest love:
By Heaven, and all the heavenly powers above:
Or if those motives cannot find a room,
Yet by the tender fruit, that in my womb
Begins to bud; or if ought else appear
To thy best thoughts more precious or more dear,
By that forsake me not, although the rest
Prevail not, Grant this first, this last request.
To whom the broken-hearted *Argalus*,
Wearied, but not o'rcome, made answer thus:
My dear *Parthenia: Thy desires never*
Gainsaid my will, till now: Do not persever
To crave that boon, I cannot grant: forbear
To urge me: Resolution hath no ear.
VVeep not, (my joy) let not these drops of thine,
That trickle from so fair an eie, divine
A foul success: Chear up; a smile or two
VVould make me half a conquerour, ere I go:
Shine forth, and let no envious cloud benight
The glorious lustre of so fair a light:
Doubt not my life: the justness of my cause,
That brings me on, will quit me with applause:
Fear not, that such a blessing, such a wife
VVas e'r intended for so short a life:
Expect my safe return; as quick, as glorious;
My genius tells me, I shall live victorious.
So said, as if that passion had forgot
Her mother tongue, her tongue replied not:
But, like to one, new striken with the thunder,
She stood betwixt amazement, fear and wonder:
His lips took leave, and as his arms surrounded
Her feeble waste, the strait fell down, and swounded:

But

But *Argalus* transported with the tide
And tyranny of honour, could abide
No longer ſtay; he truſts her to the guard
Of her own women; left her, and repair'd
Unto the Camp; wherein, he ſpent ſome dayes,
In parley with *Amphialus*; and aſſayes
By all perſwaſive means, to make him yield
To juſt demands, and not to ſtain the field
With needleſs bloud: But finding him unapt
For peacefull counſel (being ſtrongly rapt
With his own fame) and ſcorning to afford
His ear to any language, but the ſword,
He ceas'd t' adviſe him; and (enforc'd to try
A rougher *Dialect*) wrote him this defie:

Renown'd *Amphialus*,
If ſtrong perſwaſions, back't with reaſons, could
been honour'd with your ear, your wiſdom would,
In yielding to ſo fair a peace, have won
As ample glorie, as your ſword hath done:
You ſhould have conquer'd ſouls, where now as moſt,
You can ſubdue but bodies, that have loſt
The power to reſiſt: But ſince my ſuit,
Iowne on ſo barren ſoil, can find no fruit;
Receive a mortal challenge from a hand,
Whoſe juſtice takes a glorie to withſtand
So foul a cauſe, and labours to ſubdue
Your heedleſs errours, whilſt it honours you:
Compoſe you then, to make a preparation,
According to your noble wonted faſhion:
And think not ſlight of me'r ſo weak an arm
That ſtrikes, when juſtice ſtrikes up her alarm.

Argalus.

No ſooner had he read it, but his pen,
With noble ſpeed, return'd theſe lines again:

Much mo're renowned Argalus,
Your faithfull ſervant, whoſe victorious brow
Was never daunted yet, is daunted now
By your brave courteſie, being ſtriken dumb
With your rare worth; and fairly overcome:

Yet doubting not the juſtneſs of my cauſe
(That 's over-ruled by the ſacred laws
Of deareſt love) will give my ſword the power
Even to maintain it, to the lateſt hour:
I ſhall expect your coming in the Ile,
Where, with a heart, (not poiſon'd with the bile
Or gall of malice) with my deareſt bloud,
Your ſervant ſhall be ready to make good
His juſt deſigns: aſſured of no leſs
Than treble fame, if crowned with ſucceſs:
If not, there 's no diſhonour can accrew
In being conquer'd, and orecome by you.

Amphialus.

Soon after *Argalus*, (whoſe bloud did boil
To be in action) comes into the Ile,
Clad in white Armour, gilt and ſtrangely dreſt
With knots of womans hair, which from his creſt
Hung dangling down, & with their bounteous treaſure
Oreſpred his Corſlet in a lib'ral meaſure:
His curious furniture was faſhion'd out,
Like to a flying Eagle, round about
Beſet with plumes, whoſe crooked beak (being caſt
Into a coſtly Jewel) was made faſt
To th' ſaddle bow: Her ſpredding train did cover
His crooper, whilſt the trappers ſeem to hover
Like wings, that, to the fixt beholders eye
As the horſe pranc'd, the Eagle ſeem'd to flie.
Upon his arm (his threatning arm) he wore
A ſleeve, all curiouſly embroidered ore
With bleeding hearts, which fair *Parthenia* made
(In thoſe croſs times, when fortune ſo betraid
Their ſecret love, and with a ſmiling frown
Daſht their falſe hopes) as copies of her own.
Upon his ſhield (for his device) he bare
Two neighb'ring Palms, whoſe budding branches met
And twin'd together; the obſcure Impreſe
Imported this: *Thus flouriſhing, in theſe*:
His horſe was of a fiery Sorrel, black
His Main, his Feet, his Tail: on his proud back

A coal black Liſt: his noſtrils open wide,
Breath'd War, before his ſparkling eye deſcride
An enemy to encounter; up by turns,
He lifts his haſty hoofs, as if he ſcorns
The earth, or if his rabring feet had found
A way, to go, and yet ne'r change the ground.
By this, *Amphialus* (who all this while
Thought minutes years) was landed in the Ile,
In all reſpects provided, to afford
As bounteous entertainment, as the ſword
And Launce could give: and at the Trumpets ſound,
The Steeds, (that needed not a prick to wound
Their bleeding flanks,) both ſtart, & with ſmooth run-
Their ſtaves, declining with unſhaken cunning, (ning
Perform'd their Maſters will, with angry ſpeed:
But *Argalus* his well inſtructed Steed
Being hot, and full of courage, (fiercely led
By his own pride) preſt in his prouder head:
The which when ſtout *Amphialus* eſpide,
(Well knowing it unſafe to give his ſide)
Preſt likewiſe in, ſo that both men and horſe,
Shouldring each other, with a double force
Fell to the ground: But by accuſtom'd skill,
And help of fortunes hand, that ſuccors ſtill
Bold ſpirits, ſhun'd the danger of the fall,
And had (leſs fear'd then hurt) no harm at all:
They roſe, drew forth their ſwords, which now begun
To do what their left ſtaves had left undone.
Have ye beheld a Leaguer? In what fore
The deep mouth'd Cannon playes upon the Fort,
And how by peece-meals it doth batter down
The yielding walls of the beſieged Town?
Even ſo their ſwords (whoſe oft-repeated blows
Could find no patience yet to enterpoſe
A breathing reſpite) with redoubled ſtrength
Hew'd their proofleſs armours, that at length
Their failing truſt began to prove unſound,
And peece by peece they dropt upon the ground,
Truſting their bodies to the bare defence
Of vertue, and unarmed innocence.

Such deadly blows were dealt, and such requited,
That *Mars* himself stood ravisht and affrighted
To see the cruel Combate; every blow
Did act two parts; both struck and guarded too
At self same instant. So incomparable
Their skilfull quickness was, that none was able
To say, (although their watchfull eyes attended
The strokes) who made the blow, or who defended:
Long was it ere their equal skill and force
Of arms could shew a better, or a worse:
Neither prevail'd as yet; yet both excell'd
In not prevailing. Never eye beheld
More equal odds: No wound as yet could show
A drop of wasted bloud, yet every blow
Was full of death: *When skilfull Gamesters play,*
The Christmas box gains often more than they.
At length the sword of *Argalus* (that never
Thirsted so long in vain till now; nor ever
Made victorie doubtfull for so long a space)
Fastned a wound on the disarmed face
Of the renown'd *Amphialus*, wherein
Had not his faithfull shield born part, and been
An equal sharer, his unequal fo,
No doubt, had summ'd his conquest in that blow:
With that the stout *Amphialus*, whose harm
Gave sprightly quickness to his wounded arm,
Upheav'd his thirsty Brondyron, and let flie
A down right blow; but with a falsifie
Reverst the stroke, and left a gaping wound
In his right arm: But *Argalus*, that found
A loss of bloud, exchang'd his open play,
And for his more advantage closely lay
Upon a lower guard; withall expecting
A hop'd revenge, which was not long effecting:
For whilst *Amphialus* (whose hopes inflam'd
His tyrannous thoughts with conquest, & proclaim'd
Undoubted victorie) heap'd his strokes so fast
As if each blow had scorn'd to be the last,
The watchfull *Argalus* (whose nimble eye
Dispos'd his time, in onely putting by)

Pa

Put home a thrust, (his right foot coming in)
And pierc'd his *Navel*, that the wound had been
No less than death, if *Fortune* (that can turn
A mischief to advantage) had forborn
To shew a miracle; for with that blow
Amphialus last made, his arm had so
Orestruck it self; that sideward to the ground
He fell; and falling, he receiv'd that wound
Which (had he stood) had enter'd in, point blank,
But, falling, onely graz'd upon his flank:
Being down; brave *Argalus* his threatning sword
Bids yield: *Amphialus* answering not a word,
(As one, whose mighty spirit did disdain
A life of alms) but striving to regain
His legs, and honour, *Argalus* let drive,
With all the strength a wounded arm could give,
Upon his head; but his hurt arm (not able
To do him present service, answerable
To his desires) let his weapon fall:
With that *Amphialus* (though daz'd withall)
Arose, but *Argalus* ran in, and grasp't
(Being clos'd together) with him, where both clasp't
And grip'd each in th' unfriendly arms of either,
A while they grapled, grapling fell together,
And on the ground, with equal fortune strove;
Sometimes *Amphialus* was got above,
And sometimes *Argalus*. Both joyntly vow'd
Revenge: both wallow'd in their mingled bloud,
Both bleeding fresh: Now *Argalus* bid yield;
And now *Amphialus*: Both would win the field,
Yet neither could; at last, by free consent,
They rose; and to their breathed swords they went:
The *Combat*'s now renew'd, both laying on,
As if the fight had been but new begun:
New wounds asswage the smarting of the old,
And warm bloud enterming les with the cold:
But *Argalus* (whose wounded arm had lost
More bloud, than all his body could almost
Supply; and like an unthrift, that expends
So long as he hath either stock, or friends)

Bled more than his ſpent fountains could make good;
His ſpirit could give courage, but not bloud.
As when two wealthy *Clyents*, that wax old
In ſuit (whoſe learned *Counſel* can uphold,
And gloze the cauſe alike, on either ſide)
During the time their termly golden tide
Shall flow alike from both, 't is hard to ſay,
Who proſpers beſt, or who ſhall get the *Day*,
But he, whoſe water firſt ſhall ceaſe to flow,
And ebb ſo long, till it ſhall ebb too low,
His cauſe, (though richly laden to the brink
With right) ſhall ſtrike upon the bar and ſink,
And then an eaſie Counſel may unfold
The doubt; the queſtion 's ended, with the gold:
Even ſo our Combatants, the whilſt their bloud
Was equal ſpilt; the cauſe ſeem'd equal good,
The victory equal, equal was their arms,
Their hopes were equal; equal was their harms,
But when poor *Argalus* his waſting bloud
Ebb'd in his veins, (although it made a flood
A precious flood, in the ungratefull field)
His cauſe, his ſtrength, (but not his heart) muſt yield:
Thus wounded *Argalus* the more he fail'd,
The more the proud *Amphialus* prevail'd:
With that, *Amphialus* (whoſe noble ſtrife
Was but to purchaſe honour, and not life)
Perceiving what advantage, in the fight
He gained, and the valour of the Knight,
Became his ſuitor, that himſelf would pleaſe
To pity himſelf, and let the Combat ceaſe:
Which noble *Argalus* (that never us'd
In honour to part ſtakes) with thanks, refus'd:
(Like to a luckleſs gameſter; who, the more
He loſes, is leſs willing to give ore)
And filling up his empty veins with ſpite,
Begins to ſum his forces, and unite
His broken ſtrength; and (like a Lamp that makes
The greateſt blaze at going out) he takes
His ſword in both his hands, and at a blow
Cleft armour, ſhield, and arm, almoſt in two:

But

But now enrag'd *Amphialus* forgets
All pitty; and trusting to his Cards, he sets
That stock of courage, treasur'd in his brest,
Making his whole estate of strength, his rest:
And views such blows, as *Argalus* could not see
Without his loss of life: so thundred he
Upon his wounded body, that each wound
Seem'd like an open Sluce of bloud, that found
No hand to stop it, till the dolefull crie
Of a most beauteous Lady, (who wel-nigh
Had run her self to death) restrain'd his arm
(Perchance too late) from doing further harm:
It was the fair *Parthenia*, who at night
Had dream'd, she saw her husband in the plight
She now had found him: Fear and Love together
Gave her no rest, till they had brought her thither:
The nature of her fear did now begin
T' expel the fear of Nature; stepping in
Between their pointing swords, she prostrate lay
Before their bloud-bedabled feet, to say
She knew not what; for as her lips would strive
To be deliver'd, a deep sigh would drive
Th' abortive issue of her language forth,
Which, born untimely, perisht in the birth:
And if her sighs would give her leave to vent it,
O, then a tear would trickle, and prevent it:
But when the wind of her loud sighs had laid
The shower of her tears, she sob'd and said:
O wretched eyes of mine! O wailfull sight!
O day of darkness! O eternal night!
And there she stopt; her eyes being fixt upon
Amphialus; she sigh'd and thus went on:

My Lord;
'T is said you love: Then by that sacred power
Of love, as you'd find mercie in the hour
Of greatest miserie, leave off; and sheath
Your bloudy sword: or else if nought but death
May slake your anger, O let mine, let mine
Be a sufficient offring at the Shrine

Of your appeased thoughts, or, if you thirst
For Argalus *his life, then take mine first:*
Or, if for noble blood you seek, if so
Accept of mine; my blood is noble too,
And worth the spilling: Even for her dear sake,
Your tender soul affects, awake, awake
Your noble mercie. Grant I care not whether:
Let me die first; or kill us both together.

With that *Amphialus* was about to speak,
But *Argalus* (whose heart did almost break
To hear *Partheniaes* words) made this reply.
Parthenia, *ah* Parthenia, *Then must I*
Be bought and sold for tears? is my condition
So poor, I cannot live, but by Petition?
So said; He stept aside (for fear, by chance,
The furie of some misguided blow may glance
And touch *Parthenia*) and fill'd with high disdain,
Would have begun the Combat fresh again:
But now *Amphialus* was charm'd; his hand
Had no sufficient warrant to withstand
Parthenia's suit, from whose fair eyes there came
Such precious tears, in so belov'd a name:
His eyes grew tender, and his melting heart
Was overcome; his very soul did smart;
He stirred not, but kept him at a distance:
And (putting by some blows) made no resistance.
But what can long endure? Lamps wanting oyl,
Must out at last, although they blaze a while:
Trees wanting sap must wither: strength and beauty
Can claim no priviledge to quit that duty
They ow to *Time* and *Change*; but like a Vine
(The unsound supporters failing) must decline:
Poor *Argalus* grows faint, and must give ore
To strike; his feeble arm can strike no more:
And natures pale-fac'd *Baily* now distrains
His blood, for that small debt that yet remains
Unpaid: His arm that cannot use the point,
Now leans upon the Pomel; every joint
Disclaims their idle sinews; and his eye
Begins to double every object by;

Nothing appears the same it was; the ground,
And all thereon does seem to dance the round:
His legs grow faint, and thinking to sit down,
He miss his Chair, and fell into a swoun.
With that *Amphialus* and *Parthenia* ran,
Ran in with haste, *Amphialus* began
To loose his Helmet, whil'st her busie palm
Chaf'd his cold temples, and (distilling Balm
Into his wounds) her hasty fingers tore
Her linnen sleeves, and Partlet that she wore,
To wipe the tear-mixt-bloud away, and wrap
His wounds withall; upon her panting lap
She laid his live-less head, and (wanting bands
To bind his bloudy cloaths) her nimble hands
(As if it were ordained for that end,
And therefore made so long) did freely rend
Her dainty hair, by handfuls from her head:
But as she wrapt the wounds, her eyes would shed
And wet the rags so much, that she was fain
With sighs and sobs to dry it up again:
Thus half distracted with her griefs and fears,
These words she intermingles with her tears.
Distrest Parthenia! *Into what estate*
Hath fortune, and the direfull hand of Fate
Driven thy perplexed soul? O thou, O thou,
That were the president of all joys, but now,
Now turn'd th' example of all misery
For torments, worse than death, to practice by!
How less than nothing art thou? and how more
Than miserable! Thou that were before
All Ladies of the Earth for happiness
But very now, (ah me!) now nothing less:
O angry Heavens, what hath Parthenia *done,*
To be thus plagu'd? or why not plagu'd alone,
If guilty? what shall poor Parthenia *do?*
To whom shall she complain? alas! or who
Shall give relief? nay, who can give relief
To her that hopes for succour from her grief?
O death! Must we be parted then for ever:
And never meet again? what, never? never?

Or shall Parthenia *now be so unkind,*
To leave her Argalus, *and stay behind?*
No, no, my dearest Argalus, *make room,*
(*There's room enough in Heaven*) *I come, I come.*
Who ever saw a dying coal of fire,
Lurk in warm embers (till some breath inspire
A forc'd revival) how obscure it lies,
And being blown, glimmers a while and dies:
So *Argalus*, to whom *Parthenia*'s breath
Giving new life, (a life in spite of death)
Recal'd him from his death-resembling trance,
Who from a panting pillow did advance
His feeble head, and looking up, he made
Hard shift to force a language, and thus said:
My dear Parthenia: *Now my glass is run,*
The Tapers tell me that the play is done,
My dayes are summ'd, death seizes on my heart;
Alas! the time is come, and we must part;
Yet by my better hopes grim death doth bring
No grief to Argalus, *no other sting*
But this, that I must leave thee, even before
My gratefull actions can cross the score
Of thy dear merits.
But since it pleases him, whose wisdom still
Disposes all things by his better will,
Depend upon his goodness, and rely
Upon his pleasure not enquiring why,
And trust that one day we shall meet, and then
Enjoy each other, ne'r to part agen:
Mean while live happy: Let Parthenia *make*
No doubt, but blessed Argalus *shall partake*
In all her joyes on Earth, which shall increase
His joyes in Heaven, and souls eternal peace:
Love well the dear remembrance of thy true
And faithfull Argalus; *let no thought renew*
My last disgrace: Think not the hand of Fate
Made me unworthy, though unfortunate:
And as he spake that word, his lips did vent
A sigh, whose violence had well-nigh rent

His

His heart in twain; and when a parting kiss
Had given him earnest of approching bliss,
He snatch'd his sword into his hand, and cry'd,
O death! Thou art a Conqueror; and dy'd.
With that *Parthenia*, whose livelyhood was founded
Upon his life, bow'd down her head and swounded;
But, Grief, that (like a Lion) loves to play
Before it kills, gave Death a longer day,
Else had *Parthenia* dy'd, since death deprived
Him of his life, in whose dear life she lived.
But ah! *Parthenia*'s sorrow was too deep;
Too too unruly, to be lull'd asleep
By ought but death: She startles from her swound,
And nimbly rising from the loathed ground,
Kneels down, and layes her trembling hand upon
His luke-warm lips, but finding his breath gone,
Grief playes the tyrant, fierce distraction drives her
She knows not where, unbounded rage deprives her
Of sense and language, here and there she goes,
Not knowing what to do, nor what she does:
Sometimes, her fair misguided hand would tear
Her beauteous face, sometimes, her beauteous hair;
As if their use could stand her in no stead,
Since her beloved *Argalus* was dead.
But now *Amphialus* (that all this space
Stood like an Idol fastned to his place;
Where with a World of tears he did bemone
The deed, that his unlucky hands had done)
Well knowing that his words would aggravate,
Not ease the misery of her wofull state,
Spake not, but caus'd her women that came with her
To urge her to the *Ferry*, where together
With her dead *Argalus* th' imbarkt; from whom
She would not part: No sooner was she come
To t' other shore, but all the funeral state,
Of Military Discipline did wait
Upon the Corps, whil'st troups of trickling eyes
Fore-ran the well-perform'd solemnities:
The Marshal Trumpet breath'd her dolefull sound,
Whil'st others trail'd their Ensigns on the ground;

Thus

His

Thus was the moſt lamented Corps convaid
Upon a Chariot, lin'd, and over-laid
With Sables, to his houſe, a houſe, than night
More black, no more the *Palace of Delight*:
Where now we leave him to receive the Crown
Prepar'd for vertue, and deſerv'd renown:
Where now we leave him to be full poſſeſt
Of endleſs Peace, and everlaſting Reſt.

But who ſhall comfort poor *Parthenia* now?
What Oratory can prevail? or how
Can Counſel chuſe, but bluſh to undergo
So vain a task, and be contemned too?
May reaſon move a heart, whoſe beſt relief
Conſiſts in deſp'rate yielding to a grief?
Or what advice can reliſh in her ears,
That weeps, and takes a pleaſure in her tears?
Readers, forbear, ſorrows that are lamented
Are but exulcerated, but augmented:
Forbear attempt, where there is no prevailing,
A deſp'rate grief grows ſtronger by bewailing:
Leave her to time and fortune: let your eyes
No longer pry into her miſeries:
True mourners love to be beheld of none,
Who truly grieves, deſires to grieve alone.

But now our bloodhound *Muſe* muſt draw, & track
Amphialus, and bring the murtherer back
To a new Combate: Where, if Fortune pleaſe
To crown our Tragick Scene, and to appeaſe
The crying bloud of *Argalus*, with bloud:
Our better reliſht ſtory (making good
Your hopefull expectations) ſhall befriend
The tears of our *Parthenia*, and end.

Soon as the ſtout *Amphialus* had out-worn
The danger of his wounds, and made return
Into the Martial Camp, there to maintain
His new got honour, and to entertain
Aggrieved challengers, that ſhall demand,
Or ſeek for ſatisfaction from his hand;
An armed *Knight* came praunſing ore the plain,
Denouncing War, and breathing forth Diſdain:

Four

Four Dam'ſels uſherd him in Sable Weeds;
And four came after, all on mourning Steeds:
His curious Armour was ſo painted over
With lively ſhadows, that you might diſcover
The Image of a gaping Sepulchre:
About the which, were ſcattered here, and there
Some dead mens bones: His horſe was black as Jet,
His furniture was round about beſet
With branches, ſlipt from the ſad Cypreſs tree,
His baſes (reaching far below the knee)
Embroidered ore with worms: upon his ſhield,
For his Impreſe, he had a beauteous child,
Whoſe body had two heads, whereof the t' one
Appear'd quite dead; the t' other (drawing on)
Did ſeem to gaſp for breath, and underneath,
This *Motto* was ſubſcrib'd, *From death, by death*:
Thus arm'd to point, he ſent his bold defie
T' *Amphialus*, who ſent as quick reply.
Forthwith, being ſummon'd, by the Trumpets ſound
They ſtart; but brave *Amphialus*, that found,
The *Knight* had miſt his reſt, (as yet not met)
Scorning to take advantage, would not let
His Launce deſcend, nor (bravely paſſing by)
Encounter his befriended enemy.

Whereat the angry *Knight* (not apt to brook
Such unſupportable miſhap) forſook
His white-mouth'd Steed, throwing his Launce aſide,
(Which too too partial Fortune had denide
A fair ſucceſs) drew forth his glittering ſword:
Whereat *Amphialus* lighted (who abhor'd
A conqueſt meerly by advantage gain'd,
Eſteeming it but robb'd, and not obtain'd)
Drew forth his ſword; and for a little ſpace
Their ſtrokes contended with an equal pace,
And fierceneſs: he herein did more diſcover
A bravery, than anger, whil'ſt the other
Bewray'd more ſpleen, than either skill, or ſtrength,
To manage it: *Amphialus* at length,
With more than wonted eaſe, did batter ſo
His ill defended armour, that each blow,

Open'd

Open'd a door, for death to enter in:
And now the noble Conquerour does begin
To hate so poor a conquest, and disdain'd
To take a life, so easily obtained,
And mov'd with pity, (stepping back) he staid
His unresisted violence, and said,
Sir Knight, contest no more; but take the peace
Of your own passion: Let the combate cease,
Seek not your causeless ruin; turn your arm
(Better imploy'd) 'gainst such, as wish you harm;
Husband your life, before it be too late,
Fall not by him, that ne'r deserv'd your hate.
To whom, the *Knight* return'd these words again.
Thou liest, false Traitor, *and I here disdain*
Both words and mercie with a base defie,
And to thy throat, my sword shall turn the lie.
To whom *Amphialus*: *Uncivil Knight,*
Courageous in nothing, but in spight,
And base discourtesie, thou soon shalt know
Whether thy tongue betrayes thy heart, or no.
And as he spake, he gave him such a wound
Upon the neck, as struck him to the ground:
And, with the fall, his sword (that now deny'd
All mercie) fiercely tilts into his side:
That done; he loos'd his Helmet, with intent,
To make his over-lavish tongue repent
Of these base words, he had so basely said,
Or else, to crop him shorter by the head.
Who ever saw th' illustrous eye of Noon
(New broken from a gloomy cloud) send down
His earth-rejoycing glorie, and display
His golden beams upon the sons of Day:
Even so, the Helmet being gone, a fair
And costly treasure of unbraided hair
Orespred the shoulders of the vanquisht Knight,
Whose now discover'd visage (in despight
Of neighb'ring death,) did witness and proclaim
A sovereign beauty in *Parthenia*'s name,
And she it was indeed, see how she lies
Smiling on death, as if her blessed eies

(Blest

(Blest in their best desires) had espied
His face already, for whose sake she died:
The *Lillies*, and the *Roses* (that while ere
Strove in her cheeks, till they compounded there)
Have broke their truce, and freshly faln to blows,
Behold the *Lilly* hath orecome the *Rose*:
Her *Alabaster* neck (that did out-go
The *Doves* in whiteness; *Or the new faln Snow*)
Was stain'd with bloud, as if the red did seek
Protection there, being banisht from her cheek:
So full of sweetness, was her dying face,
That death had not the power to displace
Her native beauty; onely by translation,
Moulded, and cloath'd it in a newer fashion.
But now *Amphialus*, (in whom grief and shame
Of this unlucky victorie, did claim
An equal interest) prostrate on the Earth,
Accurs'd his sword, his arm, his hour of birth;
Casting his Helmet, and his Gauntlet by,
His undissembled tears did testifie
What words could not: But finding her estate
More apt for help, than grief (though both too late)
Crept on his knees, and begging pardon of her,
His hands (his often curst hands) did proffer
Their needless help, and, with his life to show
What honour a devoted heart could do:
Whereto *Parthenia* (whose expiring breath)
Gave speedy signs of a desired death)
Turning her fixt (but oft recalled) eyes,
Upon *Amphialus*, faintly thus replies.

Sir, you have done enough, and I require
No more: Your hands have done, what I desire,
What I expect; and if against your will,
The better; so I wish your favours still,
Yet one thing more (if enemies may sue)
I crave, which is, to be untoucht by you;
And as for honour, all that I demand,
Is, not to purchase honour from your hand:
No, no, 't was no such bargain made; That he,
Whose hands had kill'd my Argalus, *should help me:*

Your

Your hands have done enough, I crave no more;
And for the deeds sake, I forgive the doer.
What then remains? but that I go to rest
With Argalus, *and to be repossest*
Of him, with him for ever to abide;
Ere since whose death, I have so often died.
And there she fainted (even as if the Clock
Of death, had given a warning ere it struck)
But soon returning to her self again:
Welcome sweet death, said she) *whose minutes pain*
Shall crown this soul with everlasting pleasure;
Come, come, and welcom, I attend thy leasure:
Delay me not: O do me not that wrong,
My Argalus *will chide, I stay so long:*
O now I feel the Gordian knotted hands
Of life unti'd: O Heavens! into your hands
I recommend my better part, with trust
To find you much more mercifull, than just;
(Yet truly just withall) O life! O death!
I call you to a witness, that this breath
Ne'r drew a blast of comfort, since that hour
My Arg'lus *died: O thou eternal Power,*
Shroud all my faults beneath the milk-white vail
Of thy dear mercie; and when this tongue shall fail
To speak: O then.
And as she spake (*O then*) O then she left
To speak; and being suddenly bereft
Of words, the fatal Sister did divide
Her slender twine of life, and so she di'd.
So di'd *Parthenia*, in whose closed cies
The world of beauty and perfection lies
Lockt up by Angels (as a thing divine)
From mortal eyes, the whilst her vertues shine
In perfect glorie, in the throne of glorie,
Leaving the world no Relick, but the storie
Of Earths perfection, for the mouth of Fame
To consecrate to her eternal name,
Which shall survive, (if Muses can divine)
(Though not in these poor monuments of mine)

To

To th' end of dayes, and by theſe looſer rimes,
Shall be deliver'd to ſucceeding times:
So long as beauty ſhall but find a friend,
Partheniaes laſting fame ſhall never end:
Till, to be truly vertuous, to be chaſt,
Be held a ſin, *Partheniaes* name ſhall laſt.
Thus when *Amphialus* had put out this Lamp,
This Lamp of honour, he forſook the Camp,
And, like a willing pris'ner was confin'd
To the ſtrict limits of a troubled mind:
No Jury need b' impannell'd or agreed
Upon the Verdict, none to atteſt the deed;
None to give ſentence in the Judgement-Hall;
Himſelf was witneſs, Jury, Judge, and all;
Where now we leave him, whilſt we turn our eyes
Upon *Partheniaes* women, whoſe fierce cries
Inforce a helpleſs audience: *It is ſaid,*
When Troy *was taken, ſuch a cry was made.*
One ſnatcht *Partheniaes* ſword, reſolv'd to die
Partheniaes death: Another raving by,
Drove for the weapon; through which eager ſtrife,
They both were hindred, and each ſav'd a life.
Others, whom wiſer paſſion had taught how
To grieve at eaſier rates, did rudely throw
Their careleſs bodies on the purple floor:
Where, ſprinkling duſt upon their heads, they tore
Their tangled hair, and garments drencht in tears:
And cry'd, as if *Partheniaes* bleſſed ears
Could hear the voice of grief, ſuch griefs as would
Return her from her glorie, if they could:
Each heart was turn'd a Wardrobe of true paſſion,
Where griefs were cloathed in a ſeveral faſhion,
Sometimes their ſorrow would recall to view
Her vertue, chaſtneſs, ſweetneſs, and renew
Their waſted paſſions, and oft-times they bann'd
Themſelves, for obeying her unjuſt command.
And now by this the mournfull trump of Fame
Grown hoarſe with very ſorrow) did proclame
And ſpread her dolefull tidings, whilſt all ears
And eyes were fill'd with death, and ſliding tears:

Pity

Pity and sorrow mixt with admiration,
Became the threefold subject of all passion:
Grief went her progress through all hearts, and none
From the poor Cottage to the Princely Throne
Could own a thought, whose best advice could borrow
The smallest respite from th' extreams of sorrow.
But all this while, *Basilius* Princely breast,
As it commanded, so out-griev'd the rest:
His share was treble: Hearts of Kings are deep
And close; what once they entertain, they keep
With violence: the violence of his passion
Admits no mean, as yet, no moderation:
But soon as grief had done her private rights
And dues to *Honour*: *Honour* (that delights
In publick service, and can make the breath
Of sighs and sobs to triumph over death)
Call'd in Solemnity, with all her train
And Military pomp to entertain
Our welcom Mourners, whose slow paces tread
The paths of death; and, with sad triumph lead
The slumbring body, to that bed of rest,
Where nothing can disquiet, or molest
Her sacred ashes, there intombed, lay
The valiant *Argalus*; and there, they say,
Ere since that time, th' *Arcadians* once a year,
Visit the ruines of their Sepulchre;
And in memorial of their faithfull loves,
There built an Altar, where two milk-white Doves
They yearly offer to the hallowed Fame
Of *Argalus* and his *Partheniaes* name.

Hos ego versiculos.

Like to the Damask Rose you see,
Or like the blossom on a Tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the Sun, or like the shade,
Or like the Gourd that Jonas *had,*
Even such is man, whose thred is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.

The

The Roſe withers, the bloſſom blaſteth,
The flower fades, the morning haſteth:
The Sun ſets, the ſhadow flies,
The Gourd conſumes, and man he dies.

Like to the blaze of fond delight;
Or like a morning clear and bright,
Or like a Froſt, or like a ſhower
Or like the pride of Babels *Tower,*
Or like the hour that guides the Time,
Or like to beauty in her prime:
Even ſuch is man, whoſe glorie lends
His life a blaze or two, and ends.

Delights vaniſh, the morn ore-caſteth,
The Froſt breaks, the ſhower haſteth,
The Tower falls, the hour ſpends,
The beauty fades, and mans life ends.

Fr. Quarles.

The Authours Dream.

1.

MY ſins are like the hairs upon my head,
And raiſe their Audit to ſo high a ſcore:
In this they differ: Theſe do daily ſhed;
But ah! my ſins grow daily more and more.
If by my hairs thou number out my ſins;
Heaven make me bald before the day begins.

2.

My ſins are like the ſands upon the ſhore,
Which every ebb layes open to the eye,
In this they differ: Theſe are cover'd ore
With every tide, my ſins ſtill open lye.
If thou wilt make my head a ſea of tears,
O they will hide the ſins of all my years.

3.

My ſins are like the Stars within the skies,
In view, in number even as bright, as great:
In this they differ: Theſe do ſet and riſe;
But ah! my ſins do riſe, but never ſet.
Shine Sun of glorie, and my ſins are gone
Like twinkling Stars, before the riſing Sun.

Fr. Quarles.

FINIS.